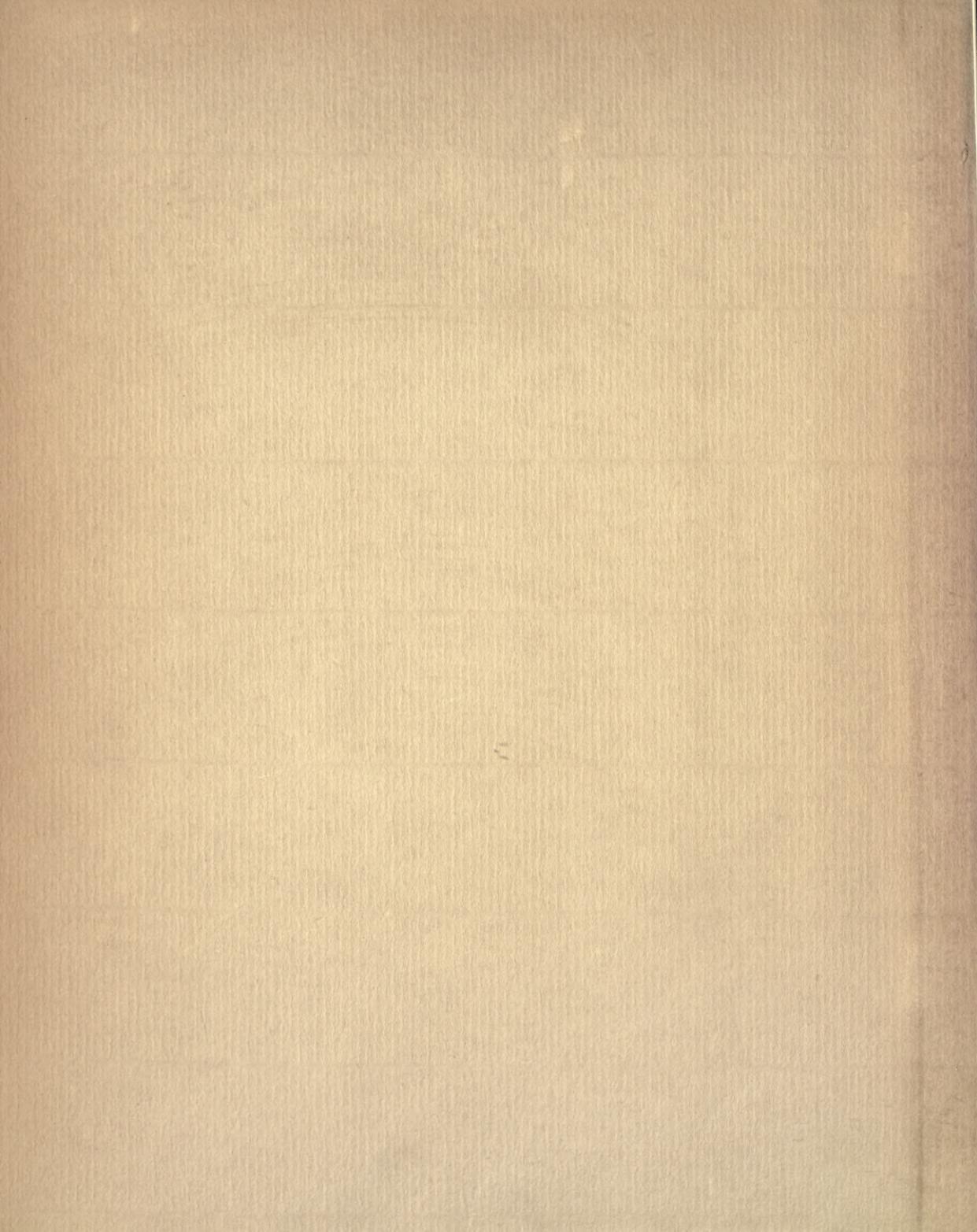


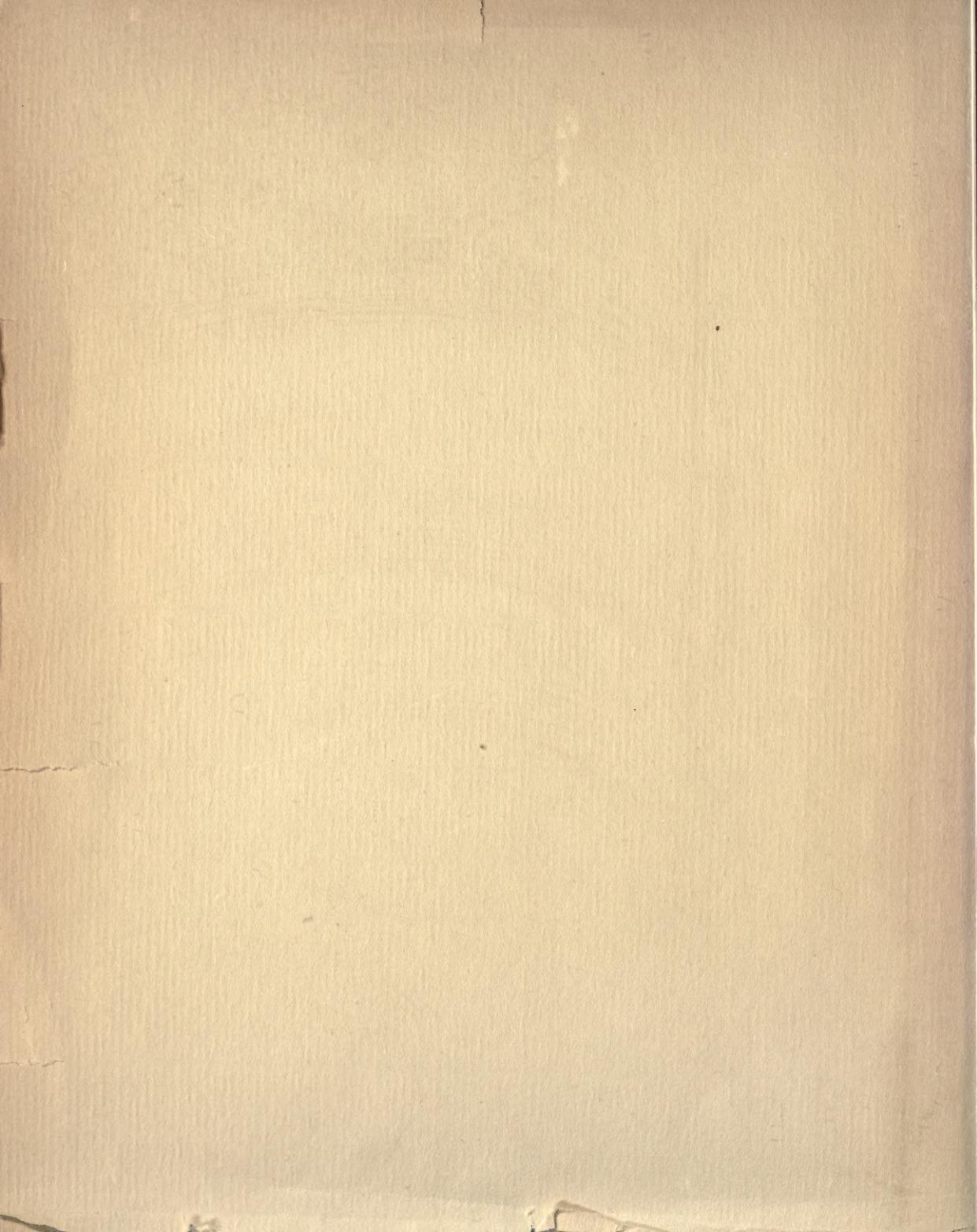
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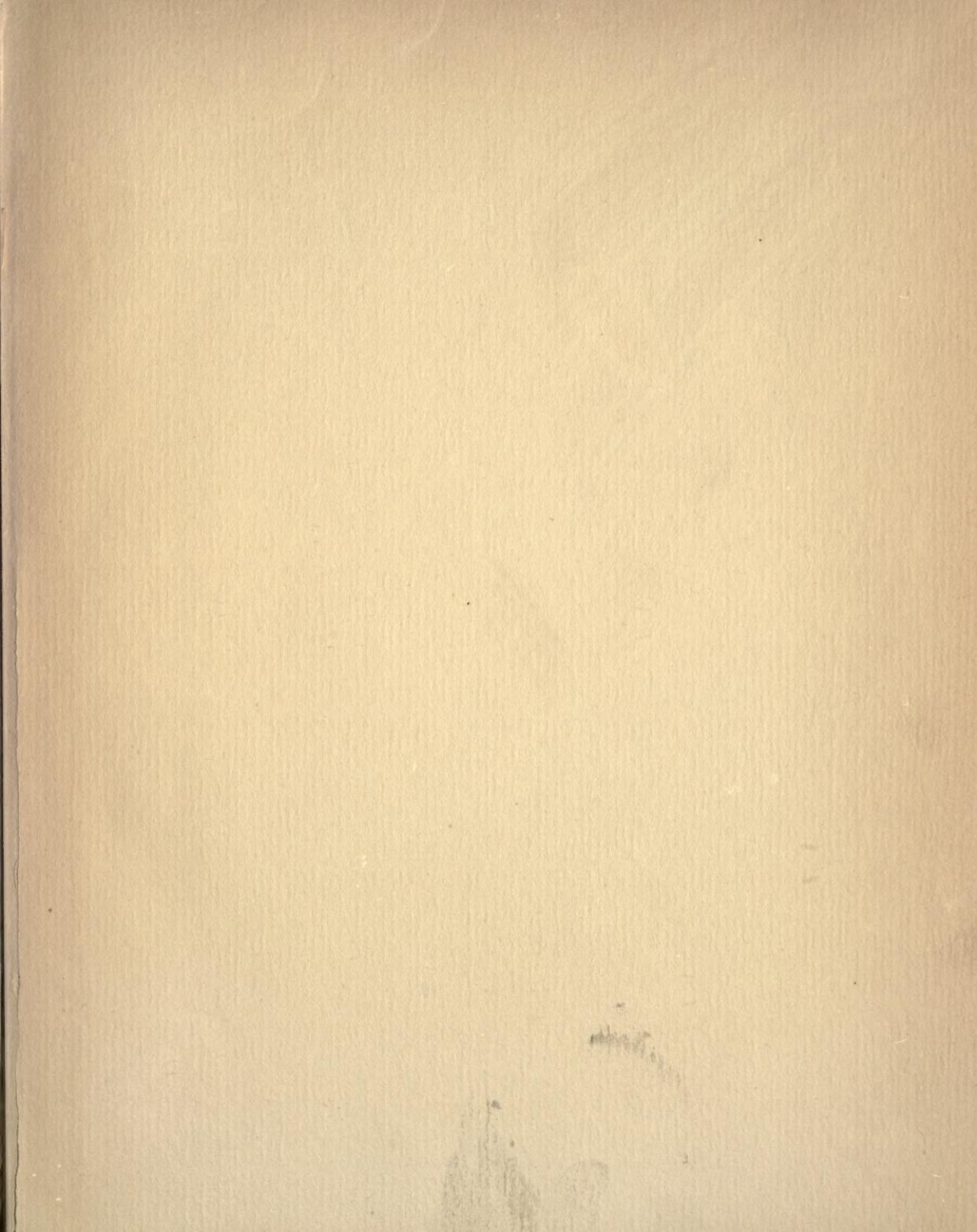


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1914







PRINTED FOR THE MUSEUM SOCIETY
HAROLD MARTIN & THE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY
PRESS

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HORACE HART M.A. AT THE
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PRESS

DEC
M 25 1917

THE COBLER'S PROPHECY

I 594

[by Robert Wilson]



136569
25/8/15

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS [No. 42]
1914



PR
3190
W7C6
1914

This reprint of the *Cobler's Prophecy* has been prepared
by A. C. Wood with the assistance of the General
Editor.

Dec. 1914.

W. W. Greg.

The Registers of the Stationers' Company contain the following entry :

vij^o Iunij [1594]

Entred for his copie vnder thandes of master warden Cawood, / Cuthbert
a book intituled / the Coblers prophesie vj^d C / Burbey

[Arber's Transcript, II. 653.]

The quarto, which appeared dated the same year, was printed for Burby by John Danter and bore on the title-page the words, 'Written by Robert Wilson. Gent.' It is printed in type approximating in body to modern pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.). There are copies in the British Museum (wanting sig. E), the Bodleian Library, the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and the Dyce collection. Only the British Museum and Pepysian copies have the preliminary leaf (A 1), and only the Dyce copy has the blank leaf at the end (G 4). The British Museum, Bodleian, and Dyce copies have been used in the preparation of this reprint.

Of Robert Wilson very little is known. There seems to have been more than one person of the name connected with the stage. A Robert Wilson, who gained a great reputation as a comic actor, was an original member of the Earl of Leicester's company in 1574 and of the Queen's in 1583. A Robert Wilson also appears repeatedly in Henslowe's Diary as writing for the Lord Admiral's company from 1598 to 1600. The latter is probably the Wilson who is mentioned by Meres in 1598 as among the best poets for comedy, for his name appears in close conjunction with others who wrote for Henslowe. This Wilson can hardly be the same as the actor,

since, in his *Apology for Actors*, printed in 1612, Thomas Heywood, whose connexion with the stage began at latest in 1596, mentions Wilson among the older generation of actors who flourished before his time. It is disputed which of the two was the 'Robert Wilson, yoman (a player)' buried at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, on 20 November 1600, but there seems to be no evidence that the second was an actor as well as an author.

It is of course the elder Wilson to whom the ascription on the title-page of the present play must be taken to apply, since the style of the composition is certainly that of an earlier period. The only surviving work in which Henslowe's writer had a hand, *Sir John Oldcastle*, is of a much more modern type. It must also be the elder Wilson who is mentioned by Lodge in his *Defence of Poetry, Musick and Stage Plays*, published in 1580, as the author of a play on Catiline's Conspiracy, 'a peece surely worthy prayse, the practice of a good scholler,' but now lost.

Thanks are due to Mr. Gaselee, the Pepysian Librarian, for information concerning the copy in his keeping.

LIST OF DOUBTFUL AND IRREGULAR READINGS.

10 Plenties rich] so <i>Dyce</i> :	400 mee?
Plentie srich <i>B.M.</i> , <i>Bodl.</i>	446 allthat
11 sheaues.	463 <i>Mil</i> :
40 th'effectuall	486 I war-(rant)] <i>Iw ar-B.M.</i> : <i>Iwar-Bodl., Dyce</i> .
65 condemnatio ⁿ	502 certaine
69-70] not indented	506 Mocs
69 z:	513 <i>Eicho</i> :
faterday	548 Ladies why] <i>there is a</i> <i>considerable space be-</i> <i>tween these words in</i> <i>the original</i>
71 thou. (substitute for whore.?)	558 <i>Cleo</i> :
72 out	I ₂
86 And] possibly <i>A nd</i>	562 <i>C odri</i> ,
110 keepe,	570 <i>Cleo</i> :
120 <i>Mar</i> :	595 rrim,
124 c.w. <i>Raph.</i>] so <i>Bodl.</i> , <i>Dyce</i> : <i>R pb. B.M.</i>	599 firſt
125 Prophet speaker?] possi- bly Prophetſpeaker?	619 finke,
128 odds.] so <i>Bodl.</i> : Gods. <i>B.M.</i> , <i>Dyce</i> .	622 c.w. <i>VWhy</i>
157 thon	644 voice:
158 pace] read <i>place</i> and cf. 1. 950	649] indented
194 prophe tation,	653, 656 <i>Ch</i> :
217 exelence.	659 andſcornd,
231 Soul:] read <i>Cont</i> : and cf. l. 230 c.w.	662 voices,
250 Prophesie.] a space before the point, possibly read Prophesies.	675 awhole
251 iudgemeets	688 somuch
301 tasks	766 noth ing
309] indented before] possibly b efore	780-1] indented
375 exelent:	806 woondrous
377 isscarſe	816 fit.
378 afat	827 Munnerie ?
384 Countr:] possibly read Cour: and cf. l. 385	831 Husbandmands,
398 Little] first t doubtful	840 prouide] read prouided
	844 prouided] read prouide
	846 come,
	849 th
	859 behod.
	866 hap
	870 fee,
	873 <i>Sat</i>

879] not indented	1301] indented
897 the mercie] possibly themercie	1306 Eueunt.
905 inough :	1307 Schollcr,
907 right,	1331] not indented
918 Boëtia,	wife
923 sake.] possibly sake,	1334-5] stage directions in roman type
926 Rabb:	1338 Du;
929 my in warrant?	1368 not] a mark after this word (clearest in Bodl.) is probably accidental as it seems to be outside the measure
949 thon	1373 Boëtia,
960 hangrie	1384 speed,
969 souldiet.	1395 Boëtia
970 c.w. VVhy	1402 Boëtias
976 Loue,	1403 Sat;
983 vnkinde,	1422 ye minde,] read ye to minde,?
989-90] indented	1443 c.w. Bu
1010 loue	1447 alife
1025 Fife.] possibly Fife,	1449] in roman type
1063 lighnes,	1469 Sat;
1069 Contempt.	1480 uumber.
1073 Cobler,	1485 Sound drums,] in roman type
1088] not indented	1488 Cont;
1126 Exit	1500] in roman type
1127 Enter	1510] no c.w.
1130 estate.	1529 abiects
1151 noble	1536 Spitting] first t doubtful
1171 trecherie,	1538 abhord,
1205 hoth	1598 Boëtia
1216 Boëtia,	1617 Afresh] possibly A fresh
1224 chaplin,	1621, 1626 Boëtia.
1240 exilde,	1634 Boëtian
c.w. And] no doubt a line is omitted	sig. F 2 misprinted I 2
1241 Ay me] possibly Ayme	sigs. F 2 and F 3, running title
1260 godmothers,] s doubtful	Coblers
1261 Oodfather	
1263 Boëtia	
1268 Mar:] read Mer:	
1280 hatch] possibly h atch	

As a rule there is a colon after speakers' names, whether these are abbreviated or not, but this is very frequently omitted in the case of *Raph*. Where a semi-colon has been substituted for the

colon it is noted in the above list. A full stop sometimes appears in place of a query-mark at the end of interrogative sentences. A lower case 'w' is often found at the beginning of verse lines and even of speeches. In the running title the spellings *Propheſie* and *Prophecie* appear promiscuously.

The only certain instance of variation between copies is that in l. 128, where the Bodleian copy offers the corrected text. The instances in ll. 10, 124 c.w., 486 may all be due to imperfect locking of the type. Note that the initials in the ornament on A 3 recto have not printed properly in the British Museum copy, from which the collotype plates have been made. The block used in the reprint is from the Bodleian copy, which agrees in this detail with that in the Dyce collection. No initials appear in the similar ornament on the title-page.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

CERES.

MERCURY.

RAPH COBLER.

ZELOTA, his wife.

SATEROS, a soldier.

CONTEMPT, alias Content.

a Country Gentleman.

a Scholar.

EMNIUS, a courtier.

THALIA

CLIO } three Muses.

MELPOMINE }

CHARON.

CODRUS.

a Porter of Mars'.

a Herald.

VENUS.

MARS.

FOLLY.

NEWFANGLE.

a Duke.

RU } waiting maids to Venus.

INA } a Messenger to the Duke.

a Prisoner.

a Priest.

Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, Bacchus, Vulcan, Diana, Niceness, Dalience, Jealousy, the infant Ruina, and the Duke's daughter.

N.B.—In l. 1362 and subsequently Emnius is called Ennius.



THE COBLERS Prophesie.

Written by Robert Willson, Gent.



Printed at London by John Danter for Cuthbert
Burbie: and are to be sold at his shop neare
the Royall-Exchange.

1594.



THE COBLER'S Prophesie.

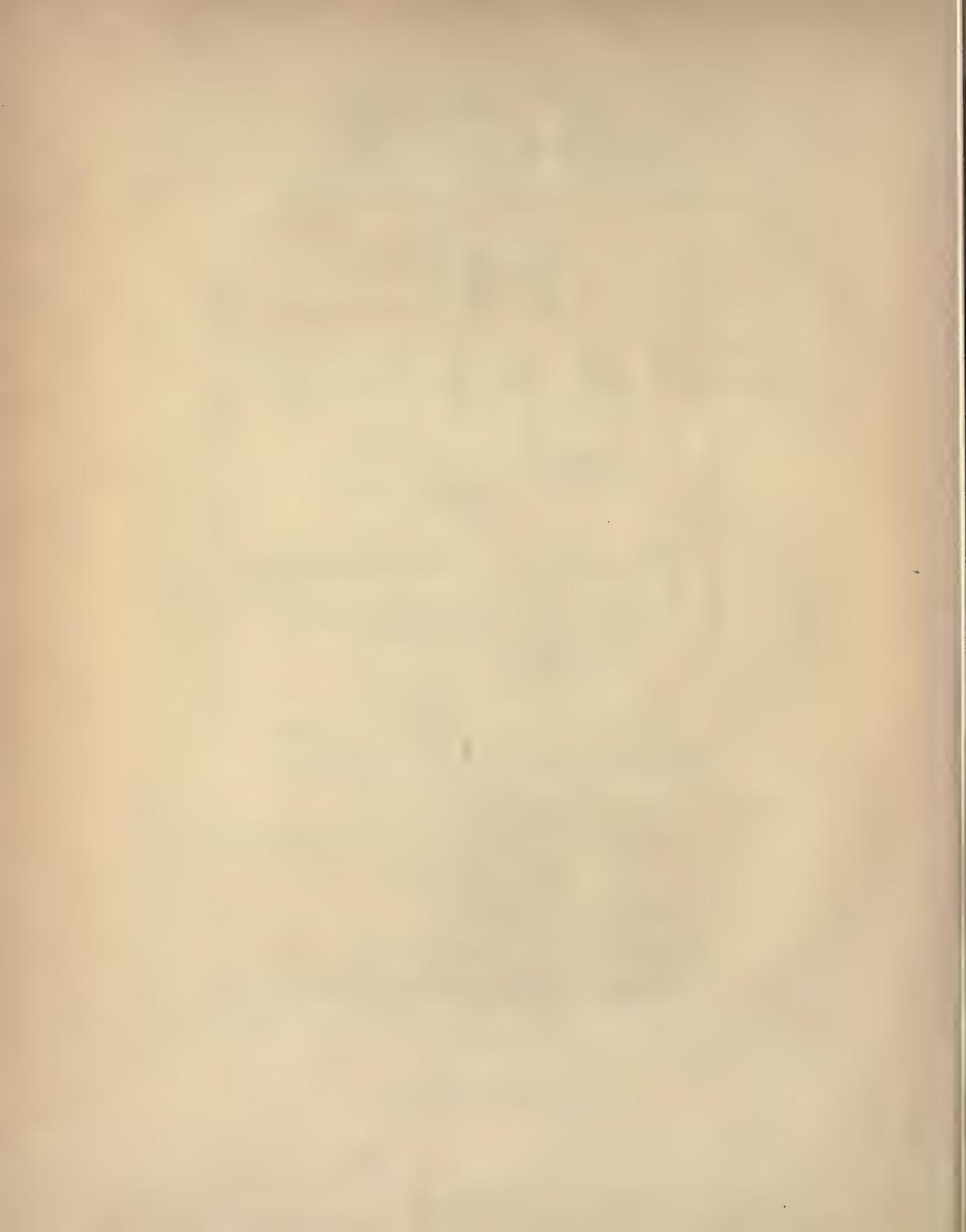
Enter Jupiter and Iuno, Mars and Venus, Apollo after
him, Bacchus, Vulcan hirfing, and after all Diana wizing
over Landes: they passe by, while on the stage Mercurie from one
end Ceres from another meete.

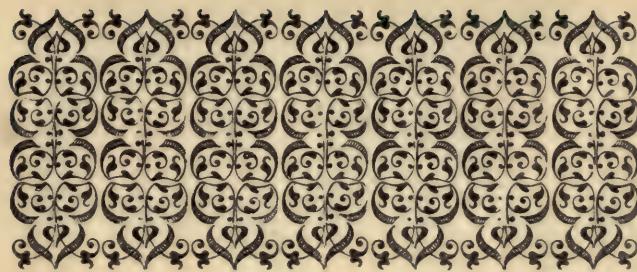
C E R E S.

Fresh Mayas sonne, fine wicraftis greatest God,
Herrald of heaven, soule charming Mercurie:
Tell, for thou wifst, why these celestiall powers
Arethus assembled in Boecotia,
Aforeme. Plente rich Queene, cheerer of fainting soule,
VVhese Altars are adoride withi pend sheaves,
Know that securitie chiefe nurse of sinne,
Hath bred content in all Boecotia,
The old are scorned of the wanton yong,
Vnhallowed hands, and harts impurifarie,
Rend downe the Altars sacred to the Gods.

A 3

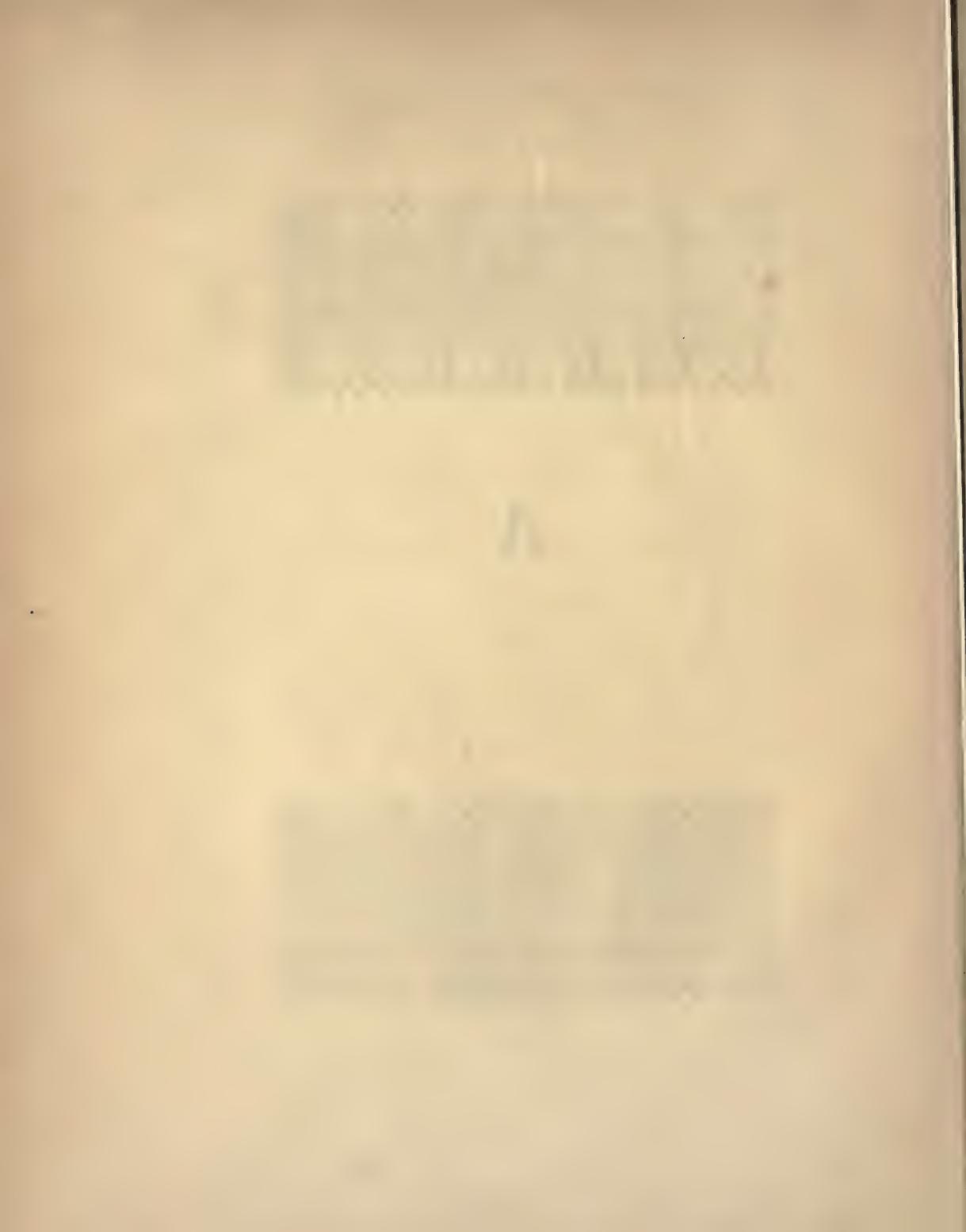
Heaven

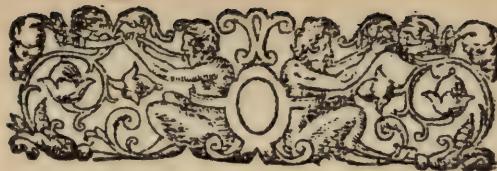




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THE COBLERS Prophesie.

*Enter Iupiter and Iuno, Mars and Venus, Apollo, after &c. i
him, Bacchus, Vulcan limping, and after all Diana wringing
her bands: they passe by, while on the stage Mercurie from one
end Ceres from another meete.*

C E R E S.

Fresh Mayas sonne, fine witcrafts greatest God,
Herrald of heauen, soule charming Mercurie:
Tell, for thou wist, why these celestiall powers
Are thus assemblid in Boetia.

*Mercurie: Plenties rich Queene, cheerer of fainting souls, 10
VVhose Altars are adorne with ripend sheaues.
Know that securitie chiefe nurse of sinne,
Hath bred contempt in all Boetia.
The old are scorned of the wanton yong,
Vnhallowed hands, and harts impurer farre,
Rend downe the Altars sacred to the Gods.*

The Coblers Propheſie.

Heauen is long ſuffring, and eternall Powers
Are full of pitie to peruerfet men:
which made the awful Ruler of the reſt,
Summon this meeting of the heauenly States: 20
The firſt was Iupiter, Iuno with him,
Next Mars and Venus, him I know you knew not,
His Harnelle is conuerted to ſoft filke,
His warres are onely wantonings with her,
That ſcandalizeth heauen and heapes worlds hate,
Apollo next, then Bacchus belly-God,
And horned Vulcan forger of heauens fire,
The laſt poore Cynthia making woful mone,
That ſhe is left ſweet virgin poſt alone.
I am but meſſenger, and muſt not denounce 30
Til the high ſenate of the Gods decree it,
But ſacred Ceres, if I may diuine,
In heauen ſhall Venus vaunt but little time.

Ceres: So pleafde it mighty Ioue the doome were iuft,
Amongſt that holy traine what needs there luſt.

Mercurie: I ſee a ſort of wondring gazing eyes,
That doo await the end of this conceit,
whom Mercurie with waуing of his rod,
And holy ſpells inioines to ſit and ſee,
th'effectuall working of a Propheſie. 40

Ceres: And Ceres ſheds her sweeteſt ſwetes in plentie,
Caſt Confets.

That while ye ſtay their pleasure may content ye.
Now doo I leauē thee Mercury, and will in to take my place,
Doo what thou canſt in wanton luſts diſgrace.

Mercurie: Ceres I will, and now I am alone
will I aduife me of a meſſenger
That will not faint: will not ſaid I?
Nay ſhall not faint ſent forth by Mercurie.
I am reſolud, the next I meeſt with be it he or ſhe, 50
To doo this meſſage ſhall be ſent by me.

Enter Raph Cobler with his ſtoole, his implements and ſhoes,
and

The Coblers Prophecie.

and sitting on his stoole, falls to sing,
Hey downe downe a downe a downe,
 hey downe downe a downe a,
Our beauty is the braeſt Laffe in all the towne a:
For beauties sweete fake, I sleepe when I ſhould wake,
 ſhee is ſo nut browne a.
Her cheekeſ ſo red as a cherrie, do make my hart full merry,
So that I cannot choose in cobling of my ſhooeſ, 60
 but ſing hey derrie derrie downe derrie.

Zelota his wife within. (your fahion.

Zelota: Go too Raph youle ſtill be ſinging loue ſongſ its
Raph: Content your ſelfe wife, tis my own recantation,
No loue ſong neither, but a carrol in beauties condemnatō

Ze: well year beſt leauē ſinging and fall to work by & by
while I to buy meat for our dinner to market doo hie. (way.

R: And you were beſt leauē your ſcolding to, & get you a-
z: And I come to you Raph, Ile courſe ye as I did a faterday
R: Courſe me ſnowns, I would thou durſt come out of dore, 70
And thou doſt Ile knock thee on the head thou arrant thou.
was not this lustily ſpoken? I warrant ſhe dare not come out

Enter Zelota.

Ze: Ile ſee what yeele doo, where are yee goodman Lout?

He creepes under the ſtoole.

Ra: O no bodie tell her that I am vnder the ſtoole.

Ze: wheres this prating Afſe, this dizzardly foole.

Mer: why here I am Dame, lets ſee what thou canſt ſay,
Beſtirre your Distaffe, doo the worſt ye may.

Ze: Alas that euer I was borne to ſee this fight, 80
My Raph is transformed to a wicked ſpright.

Ra: Shee lies yfaith, I am here vnder the ſtoole.

Mer: Let me alone Raph, hold thy peace thou foole.
I am a ſprite indeede, a fiend which will purſue thee ſtill,
Vntill I take a full reuenge of all thy proffered ill.
And for thy former dealings to thy husband hath bin bad,
I charme thee and inchaunt thee queane,
Thou henceforth ſhalt be mad:

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

And never shall thy foolish braine cut off this frantick fit,
Till with thy hand vnwillinglie thou murder doe commit. 90

He charmes her with his rod.

Rap: Nay she is mad enough alreadie,
For she will doe nothing with me but fight,
And ye make hir more mad, shele kill me out right.

Zel: Make me mad Raph, no faith Raph,
Though thou be a diuell and a spright,
Nere toll the bell, Ile not be goffippe,
The childe shall not be christned to night.
Goe to the back-house for the boy,
Bid the tankerd bring the conduit home.
Ile buy no plumme porredge,
Ile not be made such a mome.
And because thou hast a fine rod Raph,
Ile looke in thy purse by and by:
And if thou haue any money in it,
wele drinke the Diuell dry, Diuell dry, &c.

100

*Here she runnes about the stage snatching at euerie thing
shee sees.*

Raph: Out of doubt she is mad indeed,
See what a coyle she doth keepe,

110

Mer. Raph she shall trouble none of vs, Ile charme her
fast a sleepe.

Zel: Come Raph, lets goe sleepe, for thou must mend
Queene Guiniuers shooes to morrow.
I haue a pillowe of my owne, Ile neither begge nor borrow.

Exit.

Mer. So sleepe thy fill, now Raph come forth to mee.

Raph: Come forth quoth he marrie God bleffe vs.

Now you haue made my wife mad what shal become of me?

Mar: Feare not come forth, I meane no hurt to thee. 120

Rap: VWell Ile trust you for once, what say yee. (bed

Mer: Raph hie thee home, & thou shalt finde vpon thy
Attire that for a prophets sute shal stand thee in good stead
A prophet thou must be and leaue thy worke a while.

Raph.

The Coblers Prophecie.

Raph A Prophet speaker? Ha, ha, ha, heres a coyle.
What are you, I pray?

Mer. I am Mercurie the Messenger of the Gods.

Raph And I am Raph Cobler, twixt vs there is some odds.
But heare ye God Markedy, haue you retoritie
To take a free man of his companie, 130
And hinder him to be your Prophet speaker,
And when ye set him a worke give him nothing for his labor.

Mer. I must charme him asleepe, or he will still be prating.
Ile please thee well, I pre thee Raph sit downe.

Raph Now I am set, would I had a pot of ale.

Mer. We will haue twaine, but first attend my tale.

He charmes him with his rod asleepe.

Not farre hence standeth Mars his Court,
to whom thus see thou say,

Mars though thou be a Cocke of the game, 140
that wontft to croe by day,

And with thy sharnpned spurres
the crauen Cockes didst kill and slay :
Sith now thou dost but prune thy wings,
and make thy fethers gay :

A dunghill Cocke that croes by night,
shall flilie thee betray,
And tread thy Hen, and for a time
shall carrie her away.

And she by him shall hatch a Chicke, 150
this Countrey to decay.

And for this pretie Pullets name
thou shalt the better learne :

When thou shalt onelie letters fwe
within one name discerne,
Three vowels and two consonants,
vwhich vovvels if thou scan,
Doth sound that vwhich to euerie pace
conducteth euerie man.

B

Then

The Coblers Prophecie.

Then call to minde this Prophecie,

for thatts the bastards name:

Then rouse thy selfe, then reach thy sword,
and win thy wonted fame.

Now Raph awake, for I haue done
the taske for which I came.

Exit.

Raph stretches himselfe, and wakes.

Raph Heigh ho, wake quoth you, I thinke tis time,
for I haue slept soundly:

And me thought in my sleep this was God Markedy,
that had chaunted my wife mad for good cause why.

170

Aboue me thought I saw God Shebiter,
that marlouly did frowne,

VVith a dart of fier in his hand
readie to throw it downe.

Below me thought there were false knaues
walking like honest men verie craftely:

And few or none could be plainly seene
to thriue in the world by honestie.

Me thought I saw one that was wondrous fat,

Picke two mens purses while they were striuing for a gnat.

180

And some that dwelt in streetes were large and faire,

Kept backe shops to vtter their baddest ware.

VVhat meddle I with trades? Men masters and maids,
Yea and wiues too and all are too too bad,

Be iudgd by my wife, that was neuer well till she ran mad.

But O the Baker, how he plaid false with the ballance,
And ran away from the takers tallants.

The Bruer was as bad, the Butcher as ill,
For its their tricke to blow vp leane meate with a quill.

And with the stroke a Butcher gau an oxe
that lowd bellowing did make,

I lost fight of all the other trickes,
and so sodainly did wake.

But now must Raph trudge about his prophe tation,
Faith ye shall heare me troll it out after my fashion.

Exit.
Enter

190

The Coblers Prophecie.

*Enter Sateros a souldier, and Contempt naming
himselfe Content.*

sc. ii

Sat: Thus haue I serued in my Princes warres,
Against the Persian and the Asian Powers:
The cole-blacke Moore that reuels in the Straights
Haue I repelled with my losse of blood. 200
My scarres are witnes of my hard escapes:
My wrinkles in my face (made old by care,
VVhen yet my yeres are in their chieffest prime)
Are glasse of my griefe, lights of my languor,
That liue disgracde, and haue deserued honor.

Cont: I am the admiredst in Bœotia,
By honoring me thou shalt obtaine preferment.

Sat: Vnto the Gods and Prince doo souldiers honor,
And wert thou one of these, I would adore thee. 210

Cont: I am of power more than all the Gods
To fit and rule the harts of all degrees.
They haue in me content, as thou shalt see
A present instance in these entring men.

*Enter Emnius a Courtier, with him a Scholler, and
a Countrey Gentleman.*

Contr: Haile to Contents diuineſt exelence.

Schol: Content our sweetest good, we doo salute thee.

Cour: Though laſt I am not leaſt in dueous kindnes
To thee Content although thou be no God, 220
Yet greater in account than all of them.

Schol: But if ye knew his name wer *Olygons*, which ſignifieth
Contempt, you would not miſtake him, and name him Content.

Cont: O Mas ſcholler be patient, for though you like not my
name, you loue my nature: and therefore Gentlemen forward
with the diſcourse intended at our laſt meeting: and in that con-
ference this Gentleman a ſouldier, I preſume will make one.

Cour: Being a ſoldier, his compagnie is fit for anie honest gen-
tleman, and therefore welcome into our compagnie.

Sat: I thanke you fir. 230

B 2

Cont:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Cont. — *Soul:* Though the Courtier speake him faire, in hart I knowe he disdaines him for his bace apparell: wherein he obserues one principle of my law. Welcome him Scholler.

Schol: To me a Souldier is a welcome man.

Soul: I kindly thanke you sir.

Enter Raph.

Raph Sir: what sir, or what stir haue we here? VVhy ye proud Pagans and Panem nostrums, thinke ye no better of a Prophet than ye would of a Pedlar: and make ye no more account of me than ye doo of a Cobler.

Cont: As thou art.

240

Raph As I am? No ye little goosecap God, knowe that God Markedie made me a Prophet, and sent me of a message to the blundring God of the thundring warre, to Mars, to Maua aua aua ars: twill come nere your nose little God I can tell ye.

Cont: Well hold thy peace of that, and let vs hear these Gentlemen dispute.

Raph VVill they spout? whereon?

Cont: He of the Court, the other of the Countrey, this of Bookes, that of Battels.

Raph And I of Prophesie.

250

Cont: No, thou and I will sit still, and give our iudgemeets of this controuersie.

Raph VWell content, but Ile speake my minde when I list, that's flat.

Cont: Sit downe then, Gentlemen when you please begin.

Emn: First I am a Courtier, daily in my Princes eye: which one good of it selfe alone is able to make my Estate aboue all other happy. By it I get wealth, fauor, credit, countenance: on me attend futers, praying, paying, and promising more, than either sometimes they are able to performe, or I at most times expect.

260

Raph Thats true, for I was a futer three yere vnto ye for mending your pantables, and I was promist more than I could euer get, or did euer looke for.

Emn: At the entertainment of strangers, who but the Courtier is in braue account? or to the heauenly fellowship of diuine-est

The Coblers Prophecie.

est beautie, and sweete consort of louely Ladies, who but the Courtier is called? while the Scholler sits all day inuenting syllogismes, the Countrey Gentleman plodding among poore hinds, and this bare souldier here carrowsing among his prating com- 270 panions.

Soul: Why a souldier of desert (as with no other doo I consort) can be no leſſe than a Gentleman, and ſome Courtiers are ſcarce ſo much. Desert I denie not is oft preferd, but oftner flattrie. Because I am homely clad, you hold me dishonorable: but in this plaine ſute haue I been, where you dare not with all your filkes.

Emm: VVhy I haue been where thou dareſt not come.

Soul: I thatſ in the Mercers booke, where I will not come.

Raph A word with ye Mas ſouldier. 280

Soul: Now fir.

Raph Tis cauſe the Mercer will not truſt ye: for he knowes his booke is as good as a ſconce for ye, youle neuer out till you bee torne or fired out.

Soul: How ere diſpifed, yet am I a Gentleman, and in the conflict of Arbaces Generall of Persia at Marathon, I refcued the colours of Boeotia. I haue had hony words and ſome reward, too little to beſtow among my maimed ſouldiers. ſouldiers obſerue lawes, therein appeares their iuſtice, at leaſt equalling the ſcholler: bring Princes to thraldom, then triumphing ouer cour- 290 tiers: are liberall to giue, wherein for the moſt they excell the Countrey Gentleman. In briue, they are the fwords of heau to puniſh: the ſalue of heauen to pitie. Of whose number beeing not the meanest, I thinke my ſelfe nothing inferiour to anie of theſe Gentlemen.

Raph But thou haſt made manie a Cocke a cuckold by ſtealing away his Hen.

Countr: Nay my life excelleth all, I in the Countrey liue a King, my Tenaunts (as vaffailes) are at my will commaunded: fearfuller I know they are to diſplease mee, than diuers of you 300 Courtiers to offend the Duke. Come there anie taskes to bee leuied, I tuch not mine owne ſtore, for on them I take it: and I

The Coblers Prophecie.

may say to you with some surpluage: my wood they bring
me home, my hay and corne in haruest: their cattell, seruants,
sonnes, and selues, are at my commaund.

Schol: O iure, quaque iniuria.

Raph Nay and you speake Latin, reach me my laste.
Harke ye mas Scholler, harke ye.

The time shall come not long before the doome,
That in despite of Roome, 310
Latin shall lacke,
And Greeke shall beg with a wallet at his backe.
For all are not sober that goes in blacke.
Goe too scholler, theres a learning for your knacke.

Contr: At my list can I rack their rents, set them to fines, bind
them to forfets, force them to what I please. If I build, they bee
my labourers: if bargaine, on them I build: and for my good
ooke they are content to endure any trauell.

Raph But for all this ill and wrong,
Marke the Coblers song. 320
The hie hill and the deepe ditch,
VVhich ye digd to make your selues rich,
The chimnies so manie, and almes not anie,
The widowes wofull cries,
And babes in streeete that lies,
The bitter sweate and paine
That tenants poore sustaine,
Will turne to your bane I tell ye plaine,
When burning fire shall raine,
And fill with botch and blaine 330
The finew and each vaine.
Then these poore that crie,
Being lifted vp on hie,
VVhen you are all forlorne,
Shall laugh you lowd to scorne.
Then where will be the schollers allegories,
VVhere the Lawier with his dilatories,
VVWhere the Courtier with his brauerie,

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

And the money monging mate with all his knauerie.

Bethinke me can I no where els,

But in hell where Dives dwels.

But I fee ye care not yet,

And thinke these words for me vnfitt,

And gesse I speake for lacke of wit:

Stand aside, stand aside, for I am disposed to spit.

Cont: Be quiet Cobler, lets heare the Scholler speake.

Raph I giue him retoritie: to it.

Schol: VVhat the Courtier dreamingly possesseſſes, the Countray Gentleman with curſſes, and the Souldiour with cares: I quietly enioy without controll. In my ſtudie I contemplate 350 what can be done in batels, & with my pen hurt more than thouſands doo with pikes, I ſtrike him that ſees me not.

Raph I thought you were a proper man of your hands to come behinde one.

Schol: I fee the height of heauen.

Raph But thou makeſt no haſt thither.

Schol: I view the depth of hell.

Raph Is there anie roome in hell for curſt wiues and Coblers ſhops.

Scholler: Content is my Landlorde, peace and quiet are my 360 companions, I am not with the Courtier bound to daunce attendance; nor with the Countriman binde I others to attende on mee. I poſſeſſe pleaſure more than mortall, and my contemplaſtion is onely of the life immortall.

Courtier: But you would bee glad to creepe in credit in the Court Scholler, and not be curioſe of the meaneſ, for all your coyneſſe.

Scholl: I will not acquaint you fir with my intent, for they are fooles that in ſecret affaires are too familiar, know this, that I intend to awaite occaſion.

Soldier: Faith Maſter Scholler yet it ſtands not with your protestation.

Coutrie Gentleman: Nor with you Soldier to be thus blunt after your rude fashion.

340

370

Soldier:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Soul: Alas sir, you must needes be exelent: for Piers & Plaine your poore tenants pray for ye: their bread and cheese is seldom denied to anie, when your smal beere isscarfe common to manie. You know what wil be made of a fat oxe as well as the Grasier, of the tallowe as well as the Butcher, of a tod of wooll as well as the Stapler.

380

Countr: VVhat hath any man to doe what I doe with mine owne?

S. I alls thine owne that comes in thy hands.

Countr: Sir you would make enough of it in yours to.

Soul: I master Courtier, thatts to deale as you doe.

Schol: This souldier is as rough as if he were in the field.

Soul: VVhere you would be as tame.

Cont: Has a proud hart though a beggers habit.

Soul: VVhere I frequent this habit ferues my turne: and as goodly a fight were it to see you there in your silkes, as the schol- 390 ler skirmishing in his long gown, or the countrey Gentleman riding on a fat Oxe with a mole spade on his necke.

Raph: VVhat, riding running, brauing, bralling,
I see ye passe not for a Prophets calling:
Therefore I will not bee so mad,
To cast Pearles to swine so bad.

Cont: Prethee Raph stay a little.

Raph: Little little seeing God, I shall see you in a spittle. *Ex.*

Con: Your disputation being done Gentlemen, which hath highly contented mee? what will ye now doo?

400

Emn: Marry we will all to the eighteene pence Ordinary, how say ye Gentlemen?

Countr: No sir, not I, tis too deere by my faith.

Schol: VVhy you shall be my guest for this once. How faye you master souldier?

Soul: No sir I must turne one of your meales into three.
And euerie one a sufficient banquet for me.

Cour: Faith and you had kept your newes vntill now, yee should haue bin my guest, for your talke would haue serud well for the table.

410

Soul:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Soul: Thats a practise of thine owne arte: it makes thy companie borne withall, where otherwise thou wert no fit guest, for tales at some tables are as good as testerns.

Cour: Nay then I perceiue yee grow chollericke, come sirs.

They proffer to goe in.

Cont. VVhy Gentlemen, no farewell to your little God.

All three: Suffice it without vaine Ceremonies we shew our selues dutifull.

Con: Tis enough, fare yee well.

Exeunt Courtier, Scholler, Countrie.

420

Contempt: Now souldier, what wilt thou doe?

Sould: Faith sir as I may.

Cont: VVilt thou serue me, and doe as I will thee, and thou shalt not want.

Sould: No: for if thy name be Contempt as the Scholler said, I abhorre and defie thee.

Con: Euen as the child doth wormeseed hid in Raisons, which of it selfe he cannot brooke: so thou canst not abide my name, but louest my nature: for proofe, wanting liuing raylst on the Ci-ty, greeuest at the country, yea grudgest at the King himselfe: 430 thou saist thou art going to thy Patron Mars with a suplication for bettring thy estate, and how, by war: wher how many rapes, wrongs and murders are committed, thy selfe be iudge, all which thou esteemeſt not off, so thy owne want be supplied.

Sould: Contempt herein thou reaſoneſt like thy ſelfe,
Base minded men I know there are in field,
That doe delight in murder, rape and blood,
As there are tares in corne and weeds with flowers,
And enuious snakes among the fleeting fish:

But for the noble ſouldier, he is iuft
To punniſh wrongs, protect the innocent,
VVeaken the tyrant, and confirme the right,
VVant cannot make him basely mutinous,
VVealth cannot make him proudly iſolent,
In honourable thoughts dwell his content,
And he is foe to allthat loue contempſt.

440

C

Cont:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Contempt: Then Sateros thou art no mate for mee. *Exit.*

Souldier: No, Vpstart scorners are fit flaues for thee. *Exit.*

Enter Clio, Melpomine, and Thalia: Clio with a penknife, *Sc. iii*
Melpomine being idle, Thalia writing.

Thalia: Clio a pen. 451

Clio: Both pen and quill I misse.

Thalia: One Estridge penne yet in my penner is,
Quickly take that and make a pen for me.

Melpomine: The feathers of a gluttonous bird shew what the
wearers be.

Thalia: Melpomine lend me a pen.

Melpom: Mine pierce too hard for your writing.

Enter Raph Cobler.

Thalia: Quickly a pen, ha, ha, fond foolish men. 460

Raph: Foole? no foole neither though none of the wifest Dame,
But a Prophet one of Merlins kinde I am.

Mil: Art thou a Prophet, whats thy name?

Raph: Raph Cob.

Clio: Ier, speake out.

Raph: Ye ha it yfaith.

Thal: A pen a pen in hast,

That I may write this Pageant ere it be past.

Raph: Comes there a Pageant by, Ile stand out of the greene
mens way for burning my vestment. 470

Thal: A pen good Clio, fie how ye make me stay.

Clio: Make shift a while you shall haue this straight way.

Raph: If I had a pen as I haue none,
For I vse no such toole,

Thou shouldest haue none an it,

For at my firſt comming thou caldſt me foole.

Tha: A pen a pen, it will be gone incontinent.

Clio: Hold theres thy pen.

Raph:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Raph: But are you the Gods of the Scriueners, that you
make pens so fast trow we.

480

Enter souldier.

Clio: O fisters shift we are betraid,
Another man I see.

Souldier: A silly man at your commaund,
Be not afraid of me.

Raph: No, no, tis the souldier, heele doo yee no hurt I war-
rant yee.

Melpom: To see a man come in this place,
It is so strange to vs,
As we are to be held excusde,
That are amazed thus.
But art thou a souldier?

490

Sould: Yea Lady.

Mel: The better welcome vnto me.

Tba: Not so to me.

Raph: And what am I?

Tba: Be whist a while, Ile tell thee by and by.

Raph: Thats some mends yet for calling of me foole.

Sould: Thanks Ladies for your curtesies, but the sight of three
such Goddesses on the sodaine, hath driuen mee into certaine
500
muses.

Echo: certaine muses.

Soul: Especially being alone so sollitarie in this wood.

Echo: In this wood.

Raph: Harke souldier some body mocks thee.

Echo: Mocs thee.

Raph: Mocks me much.

Echo: Much.

Soul: Hold thy peace good Raph.

Echo: Good Raph.

510

Raph: Raph, thats my name indeede,
But how shall I call thee?

Echo: I call thee.

Raph: Doft thou: Mas and Ile come to thee, and

The Coblers Prophecie.

I knew where thou art.

Echo: Thou art.

Raph: Art: faith and thou be as pretty a wench as any of these three, my mad wife shall neuer know that I play a mad part.

Echo: Part.

Raph: Part: Ile come.

520

Echo: Come.

Raph: Faith and I will, haue at thee.

Exit.

Mel: Thus are we well rid of one that would haue troubled our talke: and this artificiall echo, hath told thee what we are: certaine muses dwelling in this wood, in number twice so many more as we be here.

Sould: Your names good Ladies?

Melp: Mine Melpomine, hirs Clio, this that writes Thalia.

Sould: Might I without offence intreat thee three things,

I should be greatly bound.

530

Melp: VVe will not denie thee three things, that can participate to thee thousands.

Sould: First would I request of this Ladie, whether she write with this Estridge quill of purpose, or for want of other.

Tha: Somewhat for want, but especially of purpose: the men which now doe minister me matter to write, are nere of the nature of the Estridge: who hauing the bodie of a bird, hath the head of a beast: she is greedy, deuouring and digesting al things, and builds hir neast in sand: so are my worldlings, bodied and feathered as birds to flie to heauen, but headed as beasts to imagine beastly thinges on earth: downe to the which their Cammels necks doe draw their verie noses: greedy are they deuouring the Orphanes right, and digesting the widdowes wrongs, Foolish, forgetful and froward, building their nest on sand, which the winde of heauens wrath or water of worldly affliction doth scatter and wash away. Thus art thou answered for the first, de maund the rest.

So: Next Ladies why doo you twaine stand idle, and let Thalia take the paine.

Mel: On geeres and gests the world is onely set,

540
550
For

The Coblers Propheſie.

For me there is no worke no tragicke ſcene,
Battailes are done, the people liue in reſt,
They ſhed no teares but are ſecure paſt meane.

Sould: VVhy lend you not Thalia then ſome pens?

Mel: My pens are too too ſharpe to fit hir ſtyle.

I ſhall haue time to vſe them in a while.

Sould: But gentle Clio, me thinks your inke is dry.

Cleo: It may be well, I haue done writing I,

Sould: VVhat did you register when you did write?

Clio: The works of famous Kings, and ſacred Priests,

560

The honourable Acts of leaders braue,

The deeds of C odri, and Horatij.

The loue Licurgus bore to Spartans ſtate,

The liues of auncient Sages and their fawes,

Their memorable works, their worthy lawes.

Now there is no ſuch thing for to indite

But toyes, that fits Thalia for to write.

Sould: A heauie tale good Lady you vnfold,
Are there no worthie things to write as were of old.

Cleo: Yes diuers Princes make good lawes,

570

But moſt men ouer ſlip them.

And diuers dying giue good gifts,

But their executors nip them.

Mel: Tisiphone is ſtepping to the ſtage, and ſhe hath ſworne
to whip them.

Sou. The third and laſt thing I require is if you can:
ſhew me the mightie Mars his court.

Mel: VValke hence a flight ſhoot vp the hill,
And thou ſhalt ſee his caſtle wall.

Soul: Ladies the gifts that I can giue,

580

Is humbly thrice to thanke you all.

Exit.

Mel: Farewell pore ſouldier.

Clio: Thalia now wee are alone, tel vs what pageant twas you
cald for pens euen now ſo hafteſtly, to end?

Tha: Twas thus: *You know the Gods long ſince ſent downe,*
Pleasure from heauen to comfort men on earth,

The Coblers Prophesie.

Pleasure abuzde in country Court and towne,
By speeches, gestures, and dishonest mirth,
Made humble sute that he to heauen might passe
Againe, from world where he so wronged was. 590
His sute obtaind, and ready he to clime,
Sorrow comes sneaking and performes his deede,
Snatches his Roabe, and euer since that time,
Tis paine that masks disguisde in pleasures weede.
The Pageant's thus, with cost and cunning rrim,
That worldlings welcome Paine in stede of him.
Loath was I that vnpend one iote of this should goe,
Because I smile to see for weale, how sweetly men swill woe.

Melpo: Woe is the first word I must write, beginning where
you end. 600

I haue incke inough and pens good store.

Clio: Perhaps the world will mend.

Mel: I would it would.

Clio: VVhy if it should you faile in your account.

Thalia: Then you perhaps will haue some worke.

Clio: Tush come lets mount the Mount. Exeunt.

Enter Raph Cobler whooping. Sc. iv

Ra: VVaha how, wa how, holla how whoop: Did no body
see the mocking sprite, I am sure I haue followed her vp and
downe all this day crying and calling while my throat is hoarfe 610
againe. Ile coniure her too but tis in vaine, for knowledge hath
knockt that in the braine, but be it diuel or be it spright, Ile call
againe to haue a fight. Ya ha how: Nay Ile call againe.

Enter Charon.

Charon: Againe, I and againe too, I trow,
VVhat night and day no rest but row?
Come if thou wilt goe ouer Styx,
For if thou stay a while I thinke,
There will come so many my boate will finke,

Ra: Ouer stix I and ouer stones,
Heres a question for the nonce,
VVhy what art thou I pray thee tell?

VVhy

The Coblers Propheſie.

C: VVhy Charon Ferriman of hell.

Ra: VVhy what a diuel doo I with thee?

Three or foure vwithin: A boate, a boate, a boate.

C: Harke what a coile they keepe, come if thou wilt to hell with mee.

A ſmall voice: A boate, a boate, a boate.

Ra: This ſhould bee the voice of a woman, comes women thither too.

630

C: why men & women every hour, I know not what to do.

A great voice: A Boate, a Boate, a Boate.

Ra: This ſhould be the voice of ſome great man.

C: VVhy Popes and Prelates, Princes and Judges more than I number can,

But the couetous misers they fret me to the gall,

I thinke they bring their money to hell,

For they way the diuel and all.

Ra: Mas and may well be, for theres little money stirring on the earth.

640

A voice bastilie: Charon a boate, a boate, Ile pay thee well for thy hire.

C: VVhy what art thou that makſt ſuch haſt?

voice: The Ghost of a gray Frier.

So troubled with Nunnes as neuer Frier was,

Therefore good Charon let me be firſt,

That ouer the Foord ſhall pas.

C: Come firra, thou hearſt what a calling they keep wilt thou goe?

Ra: VVhy Charon this calling makes thee mad I geſſe, 650
VVhy I am no ſpirite but liuing Raph,
And God Markedie ſends me of busines.

Ch: Tufh, if thou be ſent of God, we cannot hold thee farewell.

Enter Codrus.

Codr: Yet gentle Charon carrie mee?

Ch: Thee? VVhy what art thou, that liuing ſueſt to go to hell?

Codrus: The wretchedſt man of wretches moſt that in this wretched world doth dwell:

Dispifde,

The Coblers Propheſie.

Dispide, disdaide, starude, whipt andſcornd,
Preſt through diſpaire my ſelue to quell,

660

I therefore couet to behold if greater torment be in hell:

All the voices, A bote, a bote, a bote.

Ch: I come, I come.

Rap: Nay I prethee let them tarrie and harken to the pore.

Ch: Codrus I cannot helpe thee now, and yet I wiſh thee wel,
Theres ſcarcely roome enough for rich,
So that no pore can come to hell.

But when the ditch is digged downe as cleane as is the wall
That parted hel and purgatorie, then if thou chaunce to cal:

Because I ſee as thou art pore thou art impatient,

670

To carry thee quickly vnto hell Codrus ile be content.

And now the time will not bee long, for thers commiſſion gone
For workemē, that haue power to make Elyſium & Limbo one,
And there are ſhipwrights ſent for too, to build me vp a bigger
A bote ſaid I? nay awhole hulke:

(bote,

And that the ſame may ſafely flote,

Cocytus, Lethe, Phlegeton

Shal al be digged into Styx:

For where one wont to come to hell,

I tel thee now comes fiue or fiſe.

680

For ignorance that wont to be,

Is wilful blindnes now become.

So thou muſt come when roome is made,

I tel thee yet there is no roome.

Raph: I prethee tel me one thing.

Ch: That I wil Raph whats the matter?

*Rap: Charon why doth thy face looke ſo black, and thou vſe
ſomuch the water?*

*Ch: O, night was my mother, this is hir marke,
I cannot wash it off. Codrus farewell.*

690

Exit.

Co: Charon Adieu.

Ra: Botesman?

Ch: Hagh.

Ra: Theres a ſcoffe, thatſ a waterman indeed.

Exit.

VVell

The Coblers Prophecie.

VWell I must to God Mars for all this,
I would I could meete my souldier agen.

Exit.

Enter Emnius Courtier solus.

Sc. v

Emn.: Euen as the Eagle soares against the funne,
And spite of Phœbus shine, pries in his face :
Euen as the swordfish meetes the mighty VWhale,
And puts the hugie monster to disgrace,

700

So Emnius thoughts intending to aspire
Sore aginst the funne, and fleete in wrathfull yre :
The Duke the funne that dazles Emnius eyes,
The Duke the hugie VWhale that ouer-beares mee,
But I will gaze and blinde him too ere long,
And play the swordfish though he little feares mee.

The lesse suspected sooner shall I strike him,
And this my reason is for I mislike him.
His Daughter with inticing words is woone mine owne,
But I disdaine her were shee fairer farre :
Tush tis for rule I cast and Princely throne,
The state of Prince, brighter than brightest starre.

710

And who doth hinder Emnius but the Duke?
And therefore who should perish but the Duke ?
Shortly a solemne hunting he entendes,
And who but I is put in chiefest trust ?
VWell Ile be trustie if my Pistol hold,
In loue and kingdomes *Ioue* will prooue vniust.

He dead, I wed his Heire and onely Daughter,
And so shall winne a Crowne by one mans slaughter.
Suppose he haue beene kinde, liberall and free,
VVhy I confesse it, but its my desire,
To be as able to bestow as hee,
And till I can my hart consumes in fire.

720

O soueraigne glory, chiefest earthly good,
A Crowne! to which who would not wade through blood.
Then ruthles of his life doo I resolute,

D

To

The Coblers Prophecie.

To wait my time till I haue wrought his end,
He dies, the Duke shall die, and Emnius raigne,
VVere he my father or a dearer friend.

730

Teares shall not hinder, praiers shall not intreate mee,
But in his throne by blood I foone will seate mee.

*Enter Souldier, Raph, Mars his lame Porter in rustie
armour, and a broken bill, the Herrald with
a pensill and colours.*

Sc. vi

Raph: Art thou one of God Mars his traine?
Alas good father thou art lame,
To be a souldier farre vnlustie,
Thy beard is gray thy armour rustie,
Thy bill I thinke be broken too.

740

Porter: Friend make not thou so much adoo,
My lamenes comes by warre,
My armours rustines comes by peace,
A maimed souldier made Mars his Porter,
Lo this am I: now questioning cease.

Raph: And what are you? A Painter with your pensill and
your colours braue?

Her: No Painter but a Herrald firrha to decipher a Gentle-
man from a knaue.

750

Raph: Pray fir, can yee Gentleman and knaue it both in one
man, and yee can fir, I pray you doo it in me.

Her: Indeed I cannot in thy selfe,
For all is knaue that is in thee.

Raph: Sing one two and three, sing after mee,
And so shall we right well agree.

Soul: Sir take no heed what he doth say,
His foolish humor you doo see,
But tell me pray are you a Herrald.

Her: I am.

760

Soul: I should haue rather tooke you to haue beene,
Appelles prentise, you were with colours so prouided.

In

The Coblers Prophecie.

In auntient times haue Heralds beene esteemd,
And held companions for the greatest Kings.
Augustus Cæsar made a law, so did Antonius too,
That without Herralds graue aduice Princes shoulde noth ing
doo.

Her: VWell then was then, these times are as they be.
VVe now are faine to wait who growes to wealth,
And come to beare some office in a towne. 770
And we for money help them vnto Armes,
For what cannot the golden tempter doe?

Sould: A lamentable thing it is, but tell vs I intreate,
VWhere might we finde adored Mars.

Her: From hence fir you to Venus Court must passe,
Adowne the hill, the way is steepe, smooth, fleeke as any glasse.
Goe by the dore of Dalliance, and if you there him mis
Aske Nicens for she best can tell where hir faire Lady is?
Both day and night the dores are ope,

The strongest closet dore is but of fethers made, 780
Rush boldly in, stand not to aske and neuer be afraide.

Soul. At Venus Court fir doe you say that Mars is to be found?

Por: Gentleman we haue told yee truth although vnto our
harts it be a wound,

For searching as wee bid you fir,
No doubt a wondrous hap,
But you shall finde God Mars a sleepe,
On Lady Venus lap.
This one thing more, you cannot come
The way you thither passe:

Tis dangerous, the hills too steepe and slipperie all as glasse.
Take this of me, the fairest way from Venus Court is beggerie.
There are more waies, but they are worse and threaten more ex-
treamitie. 790

Her: I thats for such as thither passe,
Of pleasure and of will:
But these for other purpose goe,
Doubt therefore fir no ill.

The Coblers Prophecie.

Soul: I thanke you both that haue vs warned by your skill.

Ra: I and Ile end with a Prophecie for your good will:

800

You thinke it is a pleasant iest,
To tell the times of peace and rest,
But hee that liues to ninetie nine,
Into the hundreds shall decline,
Then shall they speake of a strange time:
For it will be a woondrous thing,
To see a Carter lodge with a King.
Townes shall be vnpeopled seene,
And markets made vpon the greene:
This will be as true I tell yee all,
As Coblers vse the thred and nall.
And so because that all men are but morter,
I leaue the paltrie Herrald and the Porter.

810

Soul: I pre thee come away, Gentlemen with thankes I take
my leaue.

Her: Adiew good fit.

Por: Farewell vnto you both.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Contempt and Venus.

Sc. vii

Con: Come Lady Loue, now bore we Mars, thou mine I thine
beloude.

820

Venus: Ah my Contempt it will be spide too soone,
So shall our pleasures haue a bitter end.
Prouide some place for I am big with childe,
And cleane vndone if Mars my guilt espie.

Cont: Sweet Venus be assurde, I haue that care
But you perchaunce will coylie scorne the place.

Venus: What ist some Abbie or a Munnerie?

Con: No they abound with much hypocrisie.

Ven: Is it a Gentlemans or a Farmers houfe?

Con: Too much resort would theré bewray your being.

830

Venus:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Ve. Some Husbandmands, some Inne, some cleanly ale-house.

Con. Neither of these, a Spittle louely Loue.

Ven. What where foule Lazers and loathed Lepors lie,
Their stinke will chooke thy Venus and hir babe.

Cont. Why gentle Venus I intreat yee be not ouer nice,
What thinke ye as the Prouerb goes that beggers haue no lice?
Procters them selues in euerie Spittle house,
Haue things as neate, as men of more account.

Ven. But I haue seene euen verie meane mens wiues,
Against their child-birth so prouide for, 840
As all their husbands wealth was scarce the worth
Of the fine linnin vsed in that month.
And shall not Venus be as kindelie vsde.

Con. It must be as we may, Ile goe prouided
And spie my time flylie to steale thee hence.

Exit.

Venus. Awaie for Mars is come,

Enter Mars.

Welcome God Mars, where hath my loue bin all this while?

Mars. Walking about th garden time for to beguile.
VVheras between nisenes your maide & newfangle your man, 850
I heard such sport as for your part, would you had bin there than.
Quoth nicenes to new fangle thou art such a Iacke,
That thou deuiseft fortie fashions for my Ladies backe.
And thou quoth he art so posseft with euerie fantike toy,
That following of my Ladies humor thou doft make hir coy,
For once a day for fashion sake my Lady must be fickle,
No meat but mutton or at most the pinion of a chicke,
To day hir owne haire best becomes which yellow is as gold,
A perriwigs better for to morrow, blacker to behod.
To day in pumps and cheuerill gloues, to walke she wilbe bold. 860
To morrow cusses and countenance for feare of catching cold.
Now is shee barefast to be seene, straight on hir muffler goes,
Now is shee hufft vp to the crowne, straight nusled to the nose.
These seuen yearees trust me better sport I heard not to my mind.
The Dialogue done, then downe came I my Lady Loue to finde.

Venus. And thou hast found hir all alone, half sickly by ill hap

The Coblers Prophecie.

Sit for a while Mars and lay thy head vpon my lap,
I see my folks behinde my backe haue much good talke of mee.

Mars: And so they haue.

Venus: They are too Idle: soft Mars doe you see, 870

Mars: I see some fawcie mates presse in: Nowe sirs what would you haue?

Sat Be not offended sir, we seeke God Mars.

Mars: VVhy and Mars haue you found sir, whats your will with him?

Raph: Are you he I cry you mercie, I promise you I tooke you for a morris dauncer you are so trim.

Mars: VVhat fayes the villaine?

Sa: If thou be Mars, the cause which makes me doubt, is that I see thy bodie lapt in soft filke which was wont to bee clad in hard 880 steele, and thy head so childishlie laid on a womans lap. Pardon I humbly beseech thee, the plainnes of thy poore seruant, and vouchsafe to read my poore petition.

*He deliuers the petition, Mars takes and reads it, meane
vvhile Venus speakes.*

Venus: Rough shaped souldier enemie to loue,
VVhy dost thou thirst so much for bloody warre,
wherein the strong man by a stronger queld,
Or reaht far off by daftard darters arme,
Breathes forth his spirite with a booteles cry, 890
Leauing behinde his earths anatomie:
By warre the Infant trampled vnder steeds,
Holds to his mother out his feeble hand,
And she is rauisht while hir yongling bleeds.
Yet to abide deaths stroake doth quaking stand.
The twice forst virgin like the wounded lambe,
Deiecte at the mercie of the woolfe,
Holds vp hir throat in vaine to bloody men,
That will not kill hir while hir beautie stayeth,
But stab her when her teares her faire decayeth: 900
Away thou bloody man, vex not my Lord,
By warre true loue is hindred and vndone,

And

The Coblers Propheſie.

And Ladies laps left emptie of their loues,
whose heads did beautifie their tender knees.

Raph: You need not plaine your laps full inough:

Sould: Faire Venus be propitious I will fight
To maintaine true loue and defend the right,

Venus: On that condition souldier I am won,
Receave this fauour, Mars let it be done.

Mars: Sateros, I haue receiued thy supplication, and sorrow 910
I cannot as I would giue thee immediat comfort. If I should
oppose my selfe against the Gods, they would soone set fire on
my seat, Sixe double vs there are, three at libertie, three impriso-
ned, and one their keeper: at libertie, wilines, wrong and wan-
tonnes, in prison, are warre wreake and woe, their keeper is won-
der; who once giuing way to libertie for those he holds; shall set
thee and thy fellowes on worke: in meane time goe thou to the
Duke of Boetia, commend vs to him, when he can he will im-
ploy thee I am sure, let that be thy answere for this time, and so
good Sateros be contented. 920

Sat: I humbly take my leaue adored Mars,
Proue a good night Rauen Venus I intreat.

Venus: Farewell pore souldier weare that for my sake.

Sa: Of both your Godheads dutious leaue I take.

Venus: And when goe you fir?

Rabb: VVho I? Good Lord there hangs a matter by.

Mars: why what are you? get gone or I will fend thee gone.

Raph: I pray you beare a while, gentle master mine,
And you shall heare my in speech I warrant?

Venus: Goe too fir foole, lets heare what you can say.

Raph: And shall I warrant yee to your cost my Lady do-little. 930

Mars though thou be a Cocke of the game,
that wontſt to croe by day,
And with thy ſharpened ſpurrſ
the crauen Cockes diſt kill and flay:
Sith now thou dost but prune thy wings,
and make thy fetherſ gay:

The Coblers Prophesie.

*A dunghill Cocke that croes by night,
Shall slifie thee betray,
And tread thy Hen, and for a time
Shall carrie her away.
And she by him shall batch a Chicke,
this Countrey to decay.
And for this pretie Pullets name
thou shalt the better learne :
When thou shalt onelie letters fve
within one name discerne,
Three vowels and two consonants,
vwhich vovvels if thon scan,
Doth sound that vwhich to euerie place
conducteth euerie man.
Then call to minde this Prophecie,
for thatts the bastards name :
Then rouse thy selfe, then reach thy sword,
and win thy wonted fame.*

940

950

Now haue I done the taske for which I came,
And so farewell fine Master and nice Dame. *Exit.*

Mars rises in a rage, Venus offers to staine him.

Mars: A dunghill cocke to tread my hen ?
Breake forth yee hangrie powers,
And fill the world with bloodshed and with rage.

960

Venus: My Lord, my Loue.
Mars: Venus I am abusde.

Venus: VVhy will yee trust a foole when he shall speake,
And take his words to be as Oracles ?

Mars: But hee hath tucht me neere, and Ile reuenge.

Venus: Aye mee !
Reuenge true Louers wrongs immortall powers,
And nere let Lady trust a souldiet.

Make as if shee swounds.

970

VVhy

The Coblers Prophecie.

Mars. VVhy faintst thou Venus? why art thou distrest?
Looke vp my loue, speake Venus, speake to me.

Venus: Nay let me die, fith Mars hath wronged me.

Mars: Thou haft not wrongd me, Mars beleuees it not.

Venus: Yes, yes, base Coblers vtter Oracles,
And al are sooth fast words against pore Loue,

Mars: I will beleue no words, they are all false:
Onely my Venus is as bright as heauen,
And firmer than the poles that hold vp heauen.

Venus: Now comes your loue too late, first haue you flaine 980
Her whome your honny words cannot recure againe.

Mars: I will doe pennance on my knees to thee,
And beg a kiffe, that haue bin so vnkinde,

Venus: And know you not, vnkindnes kills a woman?

Mars: I know it doth? sweet forgiue my fault:

Venus: I will forgiue ye now ye beg so hard,
But trust me next time Ile not be intreated.

Ma: Now haft thou cheard my drooping thoughts sweet loue,
Let me lay downe my head vpon thy knee,
Sing one sweet song, thy voice will rauish me. 990

Venus: Follie come forth.

Enter Follie.

Follie: Anone forsooth.

Venus: Bid Nicenes, Newfangle, Dalliance and the rest bring
forth their Musicke Mars intends to sleepe.

Follie: I will forsooth.

Exit Follie.

Mars: I thinke in deede that I shall quickly sleepe,
Especially with Musicke and with song.

*Enter Follie with a Fife, Nicenes, Newfangle, Dalliance, and
Iealozie vwith Instruments, they play vvhile Venus sings.* 1000

*Sweet are the thoughts that harbor full content,
Delightfull be the ioyes that knowv no care:
The sleeps are sound that are from dreames exempt,
Yet in cheefe sweetes lies hid a secret snare,*

E

Where

The Coblers Prophecie.

*Where loue is wacht by prying iealous eyes,
It fits the loued to be warie wife.*

Follie: Peepe, peepe, Maddam he is a sleepe.

Enter Contempt, and kiffe Venus.

*Sing: Sleepe on secure, let care not tuch thy bart,
Leaue to loue bir, that longs to liue in change,
So wantons deale, when they their faires impart
Rome thou abroad for I intend to range:*

1010

*Yet wantons learne to guide your rouling eies,
As no suspect by gazing may arise.*

Venus: Hold on your Musicke, Follie leaue thy play,
Come hither lay his head vpon thy knee.
Fie what a loathed load was he to me.
Come my Content, lets daunce about the place,
And mocke God Mars vnto his sleepie face.

Con: Venus agreed, play vs a Galliard.

1020

*Musicke plaies, they daunce, and leap ouer Mars, and making
hornes at euerie turne, at length leaue him.*

Mars: Why sings not Venus? hir loue I to heare,
Sweet let the Fife be further from mine eare.

Follie holds still the Fife.
Nay let the Fife play, els the Musicke failes.

Follie plaies againe.
What still so nere my eare, sweet Venus sing.
Sing: where is she?
Out foole, what doos my head vpon thy knee?

1030

Follie: Forsooth my Mistris bid me.

Mars: Wheres Venus, speake ye ribalds, harlots, fooles,
And neuer speake againe except I see hir:
Mars is impatient, finde out Venus soone. *Exeunt duo.*
Or perrish flaues, before my angrie wrath.

Follie: Nay a ladie, Follie will liue for all you.

Mars: Away yee foole, tell Venus of my rage.

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

And bid hir come to Mars that now begins,
To doubt the Coblers Prophecie.

Exit Follie.

Enter Newfangle, and Dalliance.

1040

New: My Lord we cannot finde hir any where.

Mars: Hence villaines, seeke the garden, search each place,
Mars will not suffer such abhord disgrace.

Enter Follie.

Wheres Venus Follie, prethee tell me foole?

Follie: Forsooth shees lun away wid a man called Contempt.

Mars: What hath Contempt robd mightie Mars of loue?

Hence fooles and flatterers, flie you from my sight.

Mars with a kindled fire begins to burne,

Away yee hel hounds, Ministers of shame,

Vanish like smoke, for you are lighter farre,

1050

All runne away.

Gainst wantonnes proclaime I open warre.

Vnconstant women I accuse your sexe,

Of Follie, lightnes, trecherie and fraud,

You are the scum of ill, the scorne of good,

The plague of mankinde, and the wrath of heauen,

The cause of enuie, anger, murder, warre,

By you the peopled townes are deserts made:

The deserts fillt with horror and distres.

1060

You laugh Hiena like, weepe as the Crocodile,

One ruine brings your sorrow and your smile,

Hold on in lighnes, lust hath kindled fire,

The trumpets clang and roaring noise of Drums,

Shall drowne the ecchoes of your weeping cries,

And powders smoke dim your enticing eyes.

These wanton ornaments for maskers fit,

Will Mars leue off, and sute him selfe in steele,

And strumpet Venus with that vile Contempt.

E 2

I

The Coblers Prophecie.

I will pursue vnto the depth of hell.

1070

Away with pittie, welcome Ire and Rage,

VVhich nought but Venus ruine shall affwage.

Exit.

Enter the Duke, Sateros, the Scholler, and Raph Cobler, *sc. viii*

Duke. Well doe I like your reasoning Gentlemen,
You for your learning, Sateros for Act,
The learned is preferrde, the souldier shall not want,
But Sateros, yee must forbeare a while,
I cannot yet employ ye as I would :
Meane time attend the Court you shall haue pay
To my abillitie and your content.

1080

Sat. Thankes to your highnes.

Duke. Scholler lead him in.
Be kinde to him he is a souldier.
Attend vpon vs to our hunting Sateros,
VVe must haue pleasant warre anon with beasts.

Withdraw Sateros and Scholler.

Raph. VVhen will these fellowes make an end.

Duk. Depart my frends, I haue a little busines
VWith this pore man thatdoth attend to speake with me.

Exeunt Scholler and Sateros.

1090

Fellow what is it thou wilt now reueale ?

Raph. You are the Duke of all this land,
And this I wish yee vnderstand ;
That Princes giue to many bred
VWhich wish them shorter by the head.
You haue a Courtier Emnius namde,
whose flattering tongue hath many blamde.
He lowteth low doth fawne and kneele,
Your worthy meaning for to feele.

And

The Coblers Prophesie.

And quaintly romes your person nie,
willing to see it fall and die.
You haue a Daughter faire and trim,
He loueth her and she loues him.
Yet as the Fox doth win the Kid,
So are his secret treasons hid :
He dares not once his passions moue,
For feare your highnes should reproue.
Yet is it not your Daughter deare,
That he desires so faire and cleare :
He coueteth your dignitie,
And therefore this intendeth hee.
To day you meane to hunt in wood,
And for he doth pretend no good :
He hath with shot intended ill,
And meanes your noble Grace to kill :
I that desire for to explaine,
The manner of your Graces paine.
Giue counsell ere the deed be done,
That you may al deceiuing shun :
I see that Emnius commeth nie,
My protestation quickly trie.
And if you finde as I haue faide,
That you should be by him betraide :
Remember Raph the Cobling knaue,
You warning of this mischiefe gauie,
So leauie I you to search the flauie.

1100

1110

1120

Exit

Enter Emnius the Courtier.

Emnius: My honorable Lord, the traine attends,
All things are readie for your highnes sport :
And I am sent from other of estate.

1130

To pray your Grace to haft your wonted presence.

Duke: Emnius they must attend a while,
For I haue secrets to impart with thee :

The Coblers Prophecie.

Emnius: Say on my Honorable Lord to me.

Duke: Thou knowst we must vnto the wood.

Emnius: True my most Gratiouse Lord.

Duke. Suppose there were a traitrouse foe of mine,
VVhat woldst thou doe to rid me from my feare?

Emnius: Dy on the traitor, and prepare his graue,
Before he shold one thought of comfort haue.

Duk: But tell me Emnius, didst thou see a tree,
That bore faire fruite delighting to the eye,
And by the straightnes of the trunke they grow too hie,
wouldst thou oppose thy selfe against the tree,
And worke the downefall ere the fall shold be.

Emnius. I would regard no hight to claime the fruite
That should content me, but attempt to clime
The highest top of hight, or fall to death,
Alone and naked to obtaine my will.

Duke. I am right ioyous you are so resolute,
Such Courtiers should become a noble Prince.
But tell me Emnius had I any foe,
That secretly attempted my distresse,
what secret weapon haue yee to preuent?

Emnius. Onely my sword my Lord, that is my rest,
My resolution to defend your Grace.

Duke: And haue you not a Dag to help me too.

Emnius: A Dag my Lord?

Duk: I man denie it not,
I know ye haue a Dag preparde for mee.

Emn: I haue a Dag not for your Maiestie.

The Duke takes it from him.

Du: Yes Emnius poure thy selfe into thy selfe,
And let thy owne eies be thy harts true witnes.
wearst thou this Dag to iniure any beast?
Bearst thou these bullets for a foemans life?
Or art thou bent against thy loyall Lord,
To reaue his life that giues thee life and breath?

Em: Gaints beasts my Lord doth Emnius like to deale,
He is not so beastlie and abhominate,

1140

1150

1160

1170

As

The Coblers Propheſie.

As he delights to ioy in trecherie,

Du. So smiles Hienā, when ſhe will beguile,
And ſo with teares deceiues the Crocodile.
Are not theſe tooles prepared for my end?
Speake ill intending man, Ah Emnius?
Haue I for this maintained thy eſtate,
Affoorded all the fauours I could yeeld,
To be rewarded with ingratitude,
with murder, trecherie, and theſe attempts?
And all in hope to win my realme and childe.

1180

I will not ſhew thy finne vnto the world,
But as thou didſt intend, ſo ſhalt thou fall.

Emnius kneeles downe.

Receiue thy death, deſertfull man of death,
And perrish all thy trecherous thoughts with thee.

Em: welcome my death, deſertfull I confeſſe,
Heauens Pardon my intent, your highnes bleſſe.

The Duke raiſes him vp.

Du: Heauens pardon thy intent, and ſo doe I,
Be true hereafter, now thou ſhalt not die.

1190

Come follow vs Emnius, learne to know this lore,
Murder of meanest men brings shame, of Princes more.

Exit.

Em: O that fame Cobling Rogue that rauing runs,
And madding aimes at euerie hid intent,
Reueald this practife, but Ile ſtab the flauue,
And he once dead the Dukes death will I haue.

Exit.

*Enter Mercurie vwith a Trumpet ſounding, and twoo of Venus &c. ix
vvaiting maids, the one named Ru, the other Ina, Ina bearing a
Child.*

1200

Mer: Be it knowne vnto all people, that whereas Venus *alias* lust, hath long challenged a preheminence in heauen, and been adored with the name of a Goddeſſe, the Sinode of the Gods being aſſembled, in regard of hir adulteries with Mars, diſcou- red

The Coblers Propheſie.

red by Phœbus, when in the face of heauen, they hoth were taken in an yron net: wherein hir wrong to Vulcan was apparant; and since that, many other escapes considered. But laſtly and moſt eſpecially, her publike adulterie ſhe hath committed with that baſe monſter Contempt they haue all conſented, and to this decree firmed; that no more ſhall Venus poſſeſſe the title of a 1210 Goddeſſe, but be vtterly excluded the compaſſe of heauen: and it ſhalbe taken as great indignitie to the Gods to giue Venus any other title than the detefted name of luſt, or ſtrumpet Venus: And whofoeuer ſhall adore Contempt or intertwaine him, ſhalbe reputed an enemie to the Gods. More, it is decreed that warre ſhalbe rayfed againſt Boētia, and victorie ſhall not fall on their ſide, till the Cabbin of Contempt be conſumde with fire. Giuen at Olimpus by Iupiter and the celeſtiall Synode.

Ru. Ill tidings for my Lady theſe.

Ina. Ill newes pore babe for thee.

Mer. VVhat who are theſe?

1220

I take yee to bee two of Venus virgins, are yee not?

Ru. Faith ſhe is a pure virgin indeed,
For the childe ſhe had by Venus chaplin,
Is a big boy and followes the Father.

Ina. And ſo are you a maide too, are ye not?
For the girle you had by Mars his Captaine,
Shees dead, and troubles not the Mother.

Mer. Then I perceiue ye be both maidis for the moſt part.
Ru. well for our maidenheads it ſkill not much.

1230

For in the world I know are many ſuch.

Ina. I Mercurie I pray let that goe,
wee are faire Venus maides, no more but ſo.
And in our Ladies caufe we doe intreate
To know, if that be true thou diſt proclaime?
Or was it ſpoken but of pollicie,
To fright vs whome thou knewſt to be her maides.

Mer. As true as neither of you both are maides
So true it is, that I haue vttered.
The ſentence is ſet downe, Venus exilde,

1240

And

The Coblers Propheſie.

Ina: Ay me poore babe for thee.

Mer: Whose child is that you beare fo tenderly?

Ru: My Ladies child, begotten by contempt.

Mer: O is it fo, and whether beare you it?

Ina: To nurse.

Mer: To whom?

Ru: Vnto securitie.

Mer: Is it a boy or girle, I pracie ye tell?

Ina: A girle it is.

Mer: Who were the godmothers?

1250

Ru: We two are they.

Mer: Your names I craue.

Ru: Mine Ru and hers is Ina.

Mer: And whether name I pracie yee beares the girle?

Ina: Both hers and mine.

Mer: And who is godfather?

Ru: Ingratitude that is likewife the grandfather.

Mer: Ruina otherwise called Ruine the child,
Contempt the father, Venus alias lust the mother,

Ru and Ina the godmothers,

1260

Ingratitude the Oodfather and grandfather,

And Securitie the nurse,

Heeres a brood that all Boetia shall curse.

Well damfels hie you hence, for one is comming nigh

Will treade your yong one vnder foot.

Ina: Tis Mars, O let vs flie.

Exeunt.

Enter Mars in Armor.

Mar: Now Mars thou seemest lyke thy ſelfe,
Thy womens weeds caſt off,
Which made thee be in heauen a ſcorne,
On earth a common ſcoffe.

1270

Mars. O Mercurie how am I bound to thee,
That blazest forth this ſtrumpets iuft reprooſe?
O could I finde the harlot or her broode,

F

I would

The Coblers Propheſie.

I would reuenge me of indignities :
Now Mercurie, I minde a propheſie
A ſimple fellow brought me on a day,
When wantoning vpon her knee I lay,
How that a crauen cocke ſhould tread my hen,
And ſhe ſhould hatch a chicke this coutrie to decay, 1280
The baſtards name he tolde me too,
But it was riddle-wife,
Helpe me to ſearch it Mercurie,
I know thee quicke and wife,
When I ſhould onely in a word
Fiue letters iuft diſcerne
Three vowels and two conſonants,
The name I ſoone ſhould leaſne :
But thoſe same vowels hee dyd bid,
That I ſhould duly ſcan, 1290
And they would ſignifie the way
That guideth every man.
Hast thou not heard of ſuch a thing ?

Mer. Yes, and dyd ſend that propheſie,
And euen as thou cameſt hether
The baſtard and the godmothers
Were in this place together.

Mar. Were they in deed, where are they now ?
Ile ſearch, Ile follow them.

Mer. Be patient Mars, they will be quickly found, 1300
Ruina is the baſtards name. R. N. the conſonants,
V, I. and A. the vowels be, and *Via* is the waye.

Mars. Now haue I found it Mercury, thou haſt reſolud me
I wyll raiſe warre, I will aduenged bee,
Go with me Mercurie, thou my reuenge ſhalt ſee.

Mer. I will go and do my beſt for thee. *Eueunt.*

Enter the Duke, Scholler, Cobler.

Sc. x

Raph. Tis true ô Duke, that I do ſay,

He

The Coblers Propheſie.

He ſtill would make thy lyfe away,
He is too frolike and too lustie,
Thou too ſimple and too truſtie,
Warres ſhall in thy lande begin,
For pride, contempt, and other ſin,
Nothing ſhall appeafe heauens ire,
Til the cabin of Contēpt be ſet on fire
And wantonnes with lewd deſire,
Be trampled vnder foot as mire,
The Cobler has no more to ſay,
But for the peoples finnes, good princes oft are tane away.

1310

Du: Well, Godamercie fellow, go thou in. *Ex. Raph.* 1320

Sch: He raues my Lord, its ill aduifd of you
To ſuffer him ſo neere your princely excellence.

Du: His preſence breeds me no offence.

A cry within help, murther, murther, Raph comes running out,
Ennius after him with his dagger
drawen, after Ennius Zelota the Coblers wife, who ſnatches the dagger from Ennius, and runs rauing.

1330

Ze: What Raph, Raph, ſo fine you wil not know your wife
What a gilden ſword and a ſiluer knife?

There, there Raph, put it vp.

She ſtabs Ennius, and he fals dead.

Why ſo?

She stands againe ſodainly amazde.

What ſo? Why where am I?

Raph: Faith where ye ha made a fayre preece of worke.

Du: Lay holde on them, what violence is this,
To haue one murdred even before our preſence?

I 2

Sch: What

The Coblers Propheſie.

Sch: What cause hadſt thou to kill this Gentleman? 1340

Zel: None in the world, I neuer knew him I.

Raph: No faith ſhees mad, & has beene euer ſince I was a prophet, and cause ſhe ſaw a dagger without a ſheath, ſhe euen put it vp in his belly.

Du: Why what acquaintance haſt thou with this womā?

Raph: O Lord fir, ſhe has bin acquainted with me a great while, with mine eares, with euery part of me, why tis my wife.

Sch: The lykelyer may it like your grace of his conſent, Twere good they both did ſuffer punishment. 1350

Du: Commit them both, but ſhe has long bin mad, It may be heauen reſerud her to this end.

Sch: Come firra you and your wife muſt goe to ward, Till you be tride for cleerenes or conſent.

Raph: O fir, whether you will I am content, God Merkedy has reſerud me pretily, Has made my wife mad, and ſayd ſhee ſhould not be well, Till by her hand a traitor fell, And I muſt euen be hangd for companie.

*Exeunt with the Cobler and his wife 1360
ſome beare out Ennius bodie.*

Du: I doe not geſſe the woman guiltie of this crime, But the iuft heauens in theyr feueritie, Haue wrought this wreake for Ennius trecherie.

Enter Scholler and Meſſenger.

Sch: Here is a meſſenger my gracious Lord, That brings ill tidings to your quiet ſtate.

Du: What are they fellow, let vs heare theſpeak. Spare not

Meſſ: The Argiues and the men of Theſſaly, With mightie powers are come vpon your coaſt, 1370 They burne, waſt, ſpoyle, kill, murther, make no ſpare, Of feeble age, or harmleſſe infant youth, They vow to triumph in Boeotia, And make your Highnes vaſfall to their will, They threaten mightily, their power is mightie,

The

The Coblers Prophecie.

The people fall before them as the flowring grasse
The mower with his syth cuts in the meade,
Helpe your poore people, and defend your state,
Elſe you, they, it, will foone be ruinate.

Du: I will prouide as farre as heauenly powers,
And our abilities ſhall giue conſents; 1380
Ile to the temple and powre forth my prayers,
Meane while let Sateros be called for,
To muſter vp the people with all ſpeed, *Exit Duke.*

Sch: Now ſee I that this ſimple witted man,
This poore plaine Cobler truly did diuine,
The Gods when we refuſe the common meanes
Sent by their oracles and learned priests,
Raife vp ſome man contemptible and vile,
In whom they breath the purenes of theyr ſpirits, 1390
And make him bolde to ſpeake and prophesie.

Enter Sateros the ſouldier.

Welcome friend Sateros, you are fitly come,
The Duke intends that you ſhall leade to field
The powers of Boætia againſt his foes,
Are you prepard, and willingly resolud?

Sat: Why you ſir by your pen can do as well
I know tis nothing but *Fac ſimile.*

Sch: Souldier, ſtand not on that, diſcharge your duetie,
The countrie needs our ſeruice and our counſell, 1400
Ile doo my beſt, and do you your indeuor,
For publike quiet and Bocetias honor.

Sat: Well I forget your ſcornes giuen me in peace,
And rate all enuie at an humble price,
Ile doe my dutie, doe not you neglect,
Armes will not Art, Art ſhould not armes reiect.

Sch: A bleſſed concord, I will to the Duke,
And leaue thee Sateros to thy glorious warre.

The Coblers Prophecie.

Enter hastily the Countrie Gentleman.

Count: O fir, I haue bin seeking ye all day,
And greatly do I praise my fortune thus to meete yee. 1410

Sat: In good time fir, be briefe I pray.

Count: You do remember me I hope.

Sat: Not verie well I promise ye.

Count: Lord fir, and you bee aduise, I was one of them
that reasoned before contempt, when you defended war,
another arte, one the court, and I the countrie.

Sat: I remember in deede such a reasoning, before that
vile monster Contempt, but you I haue forgot.

Count: O Lord fir yes, by that token we went afterward 1420
to the Ordinarie.

Sat: True, true, now I call ye minde, by this token I was
not able to reache commons, and so was cashierd out of
your companie.

Count: Twas against my will Ifaith : ye fawfe I was another mans guest.

Sat: Its no great matter. But whats your busines wyth
me now, that you seeke for me so hastily ?

Count: Marie fir there is warres toward, do ye not heare
on it ? 1430

Sat: Thats to too sure.

Count: And I feare by reason of my wealth I shall bee
chosen for a Captaine ouer some Companies.

Sat: And what of that ?

Count: Why I haue no skill, and therefore woulde hyre
you to serue in my place. Ile please ye well.

Sat: The Duke wantes men fir, and therefore must yee
serue your selfe, though not as a captaine, yet in a place fit-
ting your person. You offer me moneie, why man Ile deale
kindly with ye, ye shal haue some of me, here take it, be not 1440
nice. In the Dukes name I charge ye with horse and furni-
ture to be readie to morrow by breake of day, for the busi-
nes askes speed.

Count: Bu

The Coblers Prophecie.

Count: But I hope ye will not deale so with me?

Sat: But I am sure I will, therefore dispatch on peril of your life.

Count: Why what alife is this, that such as I must serue?
A shame on warres for me that ere they were. *Exit.*

Enter Raph and other prisoners with weapons.

Sat: Why now fellowes, what are you?

1450

Raph: What souldier, do not you know me?

Sat: Yes Raph, but what are these?

Raph: Faith certaine pu-fellowes of mine, that haue bin mued vp, & now the exclamation goes we shal haue wars, we are all set at libertie, and sent to you to be trailld vp.

Sat: Why wert in prisone?

Raph: I faith I prophesied so long, that I had like to haue bin hangd. My wife kild the courtier man, that would haue kild me & the Duke to, but Ile be a prophet no longer that's flatte, after I haue done beeing a souldier, Ile to cobling a- 1460 gaine.

Sat. So doest thou well: But fellowe tell mee why wert thou in.

Pri. Faith sir for nothing but riding another mans horse.

Sat: That was but a small matter.

Raph: A thing of nothing, for when he had stollen him, he were as good ride him as leade him in his hand.

Pri: Faith that's euen the truth on it.

Sat; I thinke you all haue bin of such condition, But now betake you to another course, 1470 The Duke hath giuen you life and libertie, Where otherwaise your deeds deserued death, If now you doo offend vnder my charge, Looke for no fauour but the martiall lawe, Death on the next tree without all remission, And if ye like not this I will returne yee

From

The Coblers Propheſie.

From whence ye came to bide the doome of law,
Speake, will ye liue and ferue as true men ſhould?

All: I, I, I.

Raph: I am ſure ye take me for none of theyr uumber. 1480

Sat: No Raph, thou ſhalt be ſtill with mee,
I haue an hoaſt of worthy ſouldiers
Readie to march, to them now will I goe,
Heauens and good fortune quell our furious foe.

Sound drums, *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Contempt, Venus following him, bee pushing her from Sc. xi
him twice or thrice.*

Cont; Awaie thou ſtrumpet, ſcandal of the world,
Cause of my ſorrow, author of thy shame,
Follow me not, but wander where thou wilt,
In vncouth places loathed of the light, 1490
Fit ſhroude to hide thy luſtfull bodie in,
Whose faire ſtaint with foule adulterous ſin.

Ven: Ah my Content, proue not ſo much vnkind,
To flie and leaue thy loue alone behind,
I will go with thee into hollow caues,
To defart to the dens of furious beaſts,
I will deſcend with thee vnto the graue,
Looke on me loue let me ſome comfort haue.

Contempt ſtill turnes from Venus. 1500
What not a word to comfort me in wo?
No looke to giue my dying heart ſome life?
Nothing but frownes, but lowres, but ſcornes, diſdaines?
Woe to my pleaſures that haue brought theſe paines.
Haue I for this ſet light the God of warre,
Againſt whose frownes nor death nor heauen can ſtande,
Haue I for this procurde the angrie Gods
To make me exile from all bleſſednes.
Haue I for this loſt honor and renowme,
Become a ſcandal to the vulgar world, 1510

The Coblers Prophecie.

And thus to be repaide? Ah breake my hart,
Had all these euils falne vpon my head,
And millions of more harmes than heauen could heap,
Yet all were nothing, had not my Content,
Rewarded me thus vilie with Contempt.

Con: Shape of collusion, mirrorre of deceit,
Faire forme with foule deformities defilde.
Know that I am Contempt in nature scornefull,
Foe to thy good, and fatall to thy life:
That while I ioyde in glorie and account,
Disdaine all vertue, and contemnd all vice.
Good, bad, were held with me of equall price.
And now the waninge of my greatnesse comes,
Occasiond by thy loue, whome Mars aspected,
And I that all despisde am now reiecte.
For which I thee reiect, disdaine and hate,
VVifhing thee die a death disconsolate.

1520

Venus: Yet once regard me as a thing regardles,
Thou art the abiects wretch aliuе esteemeid,
I worse than vilenes in the world am deemed:
I scornd, thou hated, each like other beeing,
Liue we together void of other being.

1530

Con: Lightnes of lightest things that vaunt of life,
Sprung from the froathie bubbles of the sea:
Leaue to solicite him that loathes thy lookes,
Spitting vpon thy faces painted pride
I will forsake thee, and in silence shrowd
This loathed trunke despised and abhord,

Exit.

She offers to follow, he drives her backe.

Venus: So flies the murderer from the mangled lims,
Left limles on the ground by his fell hand.
So runnes the Tyger from the bloodles pray,
VVhich when his fell stomacke is of hunger stancht.
Thou murdrer, Tyger, gluttid with my faire,

1540

G

Leauft

The Coblers Prophesie.

Leaust me forsaken, map of grieve and care.
O what is beauty humbled to the base,
That neuer had a care of ciuill thought?
O what is fauor in an obscure place?
Like vnto Pearles that for the swyne are bought:
 Beauty and fauor where no vertue bides,
 Proues foule, deformd, and like a shadow glides. 1550
Ah that my woe could other women warne,
To loue true wedlocke or the virgins life:
For me too late, for them fit time to learne,
The honour of a maid and constant wife,
 One is adorde by Gods with holy rites,
 The last like Lampes both earth and heauen lights.
But the foule horror of a harlots name,
Euen of the Lecher counted as a scorne:
VVhose forhead beares the marke of hatefull shame,
Of the lust-louer hated and forlorne. 1560
 O such is Venus, so shall all such bee
 As vse base lust, and foule adulterie. *Exit.*

*Enter the Duke, his Daughter, Priest, and Scholler: then
compasse the stage, from one part let a smoke arise:
at which place they all stay.*

Sc. xii

Pri: Immortall mouer of this glorious frame,
That circles vs about with wonder great,
Receiue the offrings of our humble harts
And bodies prostrate on the lowly earth. 1570
 They all kneele downe.

Our finnes hath drawne the furie of thy wrath,
And turnd our peace to miserie and warre:
But if repentant soules may purchase grace,
VVe craue it humbly, and intend to liue,
Hereafter more reformd than wee haue done.
For pride, we entertaine humilitie:
For our presumption, due obedience:

Loue

The Coblers Propesie.

Loue for Contempt, and chaftitie for lust:
The Cabbin of Contempt doth burne with fire,
In which our finnes are caſt, and there consume.
Heare vs yee heauenly powers, helpe we require,
And be propitious to the penitent.

1580

Enter a Messenger.

Meffen: Rise from the humble earth my Noble Lord,
Rise vp yee Priests, Princes, and people rise,
And heare the gladsome tidings I vnfold,
Of happy peace and glorious victorie.

They all rise and caſt incenſe into the fire.

Duke: For that sweete voice offerd to vs by man,
Caſt sweetest incenſe into holy fires,
And while they burne, tell on thy happy newes,
That wee may heare and honour heauenly Powers.

1590

Meffen: VVhen Sateros my Lord had brought your power,
In view of our prefuming enemies:

And equall place was choſen for the field,
He ſent a Herralde, willing them reſtore,
The wrongs that in Boetia they had done,
And leaue the Countrey, turning to their home,
Or els reſolute on doubtfull chance of warre.

1600

They proud, ambitious, couetous of gaine,
Returnd an anſwere filled with diſdaine.
Then was the ſignall giuen, and ſtremars red,
Menacing blood on either ſide aduancde.

Drums, Fifes, and Trumpets drownd the cries of men,
That ech where fell before their Foe-mens ſwords.

Mars there ſhowd ruthles rage on either part,
And murder ranged thorow euery ranke.

Duft diimd the funnes light, and the powders ſmoke,
Seemd like thicke Clowds in ayre congluminate.

1610

Thus was ſeauen houres conſumde, and doubtfull chaunce
Sometime with vs, sometime with them abode:
Till at the length our Generall gaue charge
To ſound reteate, which made the hopefull Foe,

The Coblers Propheſie.

Purſue regardleſſe our retyring bands,
That being knit together in firme ranke,
Afreſh purſue their ſtragling followers.
Then fell their glory like the ripened corne,
Before the Cickle and the Reapers hand :
In briefe, ſome fled, moſt flaine, and many taken
Haue left the honour to Boetia.

1620

Duke: To heauens and Sateros returne we thanks,
For thy reward receiue this recompence :

The Duke giues him his upper garment.
Our felues will forward to ſalute our friends,
That fought for honour of Boetia.
Sound Drum and Trumpet notes triumphantly,
Heauens haue the honour for this victorie.

Exeunt.

*Enter with Drum and Trumpet Sateros lead betweene Mars
and Mercurie, Raph Cobler and his wife following,
and other ſouldiers.*

sc. xiii

Mars: Thus Sateros haue we affiſted thee,
Our true fworne ſouldier, worthy man at Armes,
And the Boetian Duke hath heauen appeaſde,
By firing false Contempt and loathed luſt.
Mercurie the fonne and meſſenger of Ioue
VVith me ſhall paſſe vnto my warlike houſe.
Goe thou vnto the Duke with all thy traine,
That longs to ſee thee, and requite thy paine.

1632

Sat: To mighty Mars and wary Mercurie
Poore Sateros giues thanks and vowes his duety.

1640

Raph: Are yee here yfaith? heres two on yee,
Raph Cobler may curse the time that he ere knew your company.

Mer: VVhat mine man?

Raph: I yours, what reaſon had you to make my wife mad?
I and ſo mad to kill one? and then make me a Prophet?

Mer: It was the ſecret iudgement of the Gods, Sateros ſpeak
to the Duke to thiſke on him, and to remit hir fault.

Sateros

The Coblers Prophecie.

Sat: It shall be done.

Mars: Is this the Prophet?

1650

Raph: I that it is, that told you your owne when twas.

Mars: Sateros vse him well.

Raph: Nere doubt you that: are yee bemembred since ye told him, if ye set your selfe against the Gods they would driue you out of heauen.

Mars: VVell what of that?

Raph: Faith at that time the world might well haue affoorded you a Cart to ride in.

Sat: Go too Raph, cease.

Raph: I, I, and great folke doo amisse,
Poore folke must hold their peace.

1660

Mer: Mars shall we hence?

Mars: I, farewell Sateros. *Exeunt Mars and Mercurie.*

Enter with honour the Duke and his traine.

Duke: VVelcome braue souldier, welcome to you all,
Ioy stops my words, I cannot speake my minde,
But in this triumph passe we to the Court,
VVhere you shall all receiue your due deserts.

Sat: Thanks Noble Lord.

Raph: VVhat shall I doo then, and my wife?

1670

Duke: I will prouide for thee, and pardon her.

Raph: Faith then farewell the Court;
For now Ile not run and ride, nor no more abide,
But since my mad wife, has change her mad life,
Ile euen leaue to be a Prophet speaker,
Take clouting leather and naule, and fall to my old trade of the
gentle craft the Cobler.

Zelot: I Raph that will be fitteſt for vs.

Duke: Come Sateros let me yet honour thee,
To whom the heauens haue giuen great victorie,
And tooke in worth our worthles ſacrifice,
VVherein Contempt and Lust with old ingratitude,

1680

The Coblers Propheſie.

Haue perished like Fume that flies from fire.
March forward braue and worthy man at Armes,
Thy deedes shall be rewarded worthily :
Embrace the Scholler, liue you two as friends,
For Armes and Learning may not be at iarre,
Counſell preuents, counſell preuailes in warre.

Sat: My thoughts are free from hate, let me not liue,
VVhen ſouldiers faile good Letters to defend.

1690

Sch: Let every Scholler be a Souldiers friend,
As I am friend to thee and ſo will reſt.

Rapb: I ſo liue, and yee are bleſt.
How faiſt thou Zelote is not that life beſt.

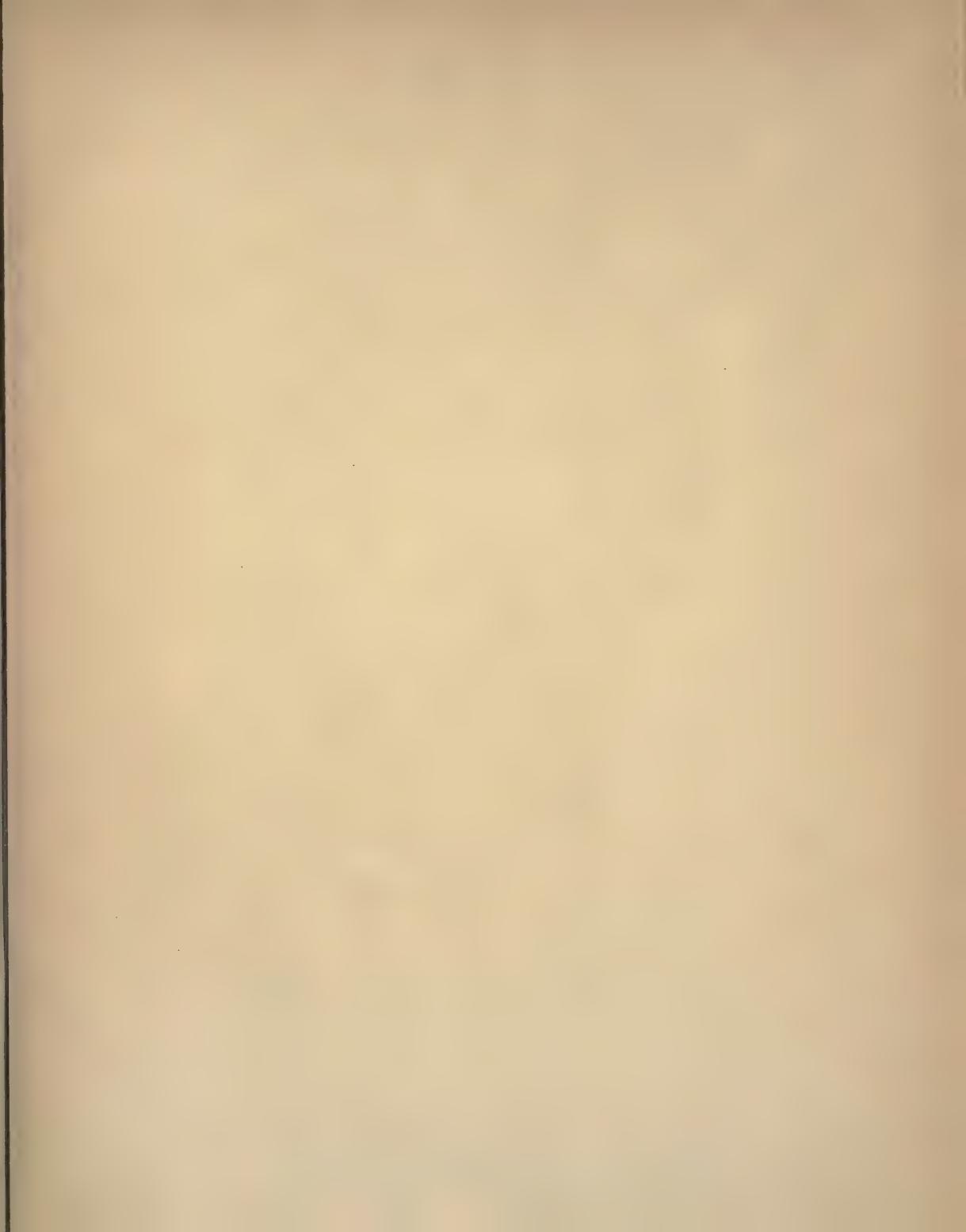
Duke: Then with due praife to heauen let vs depart,
Our State ſupported both by Armes and Art.

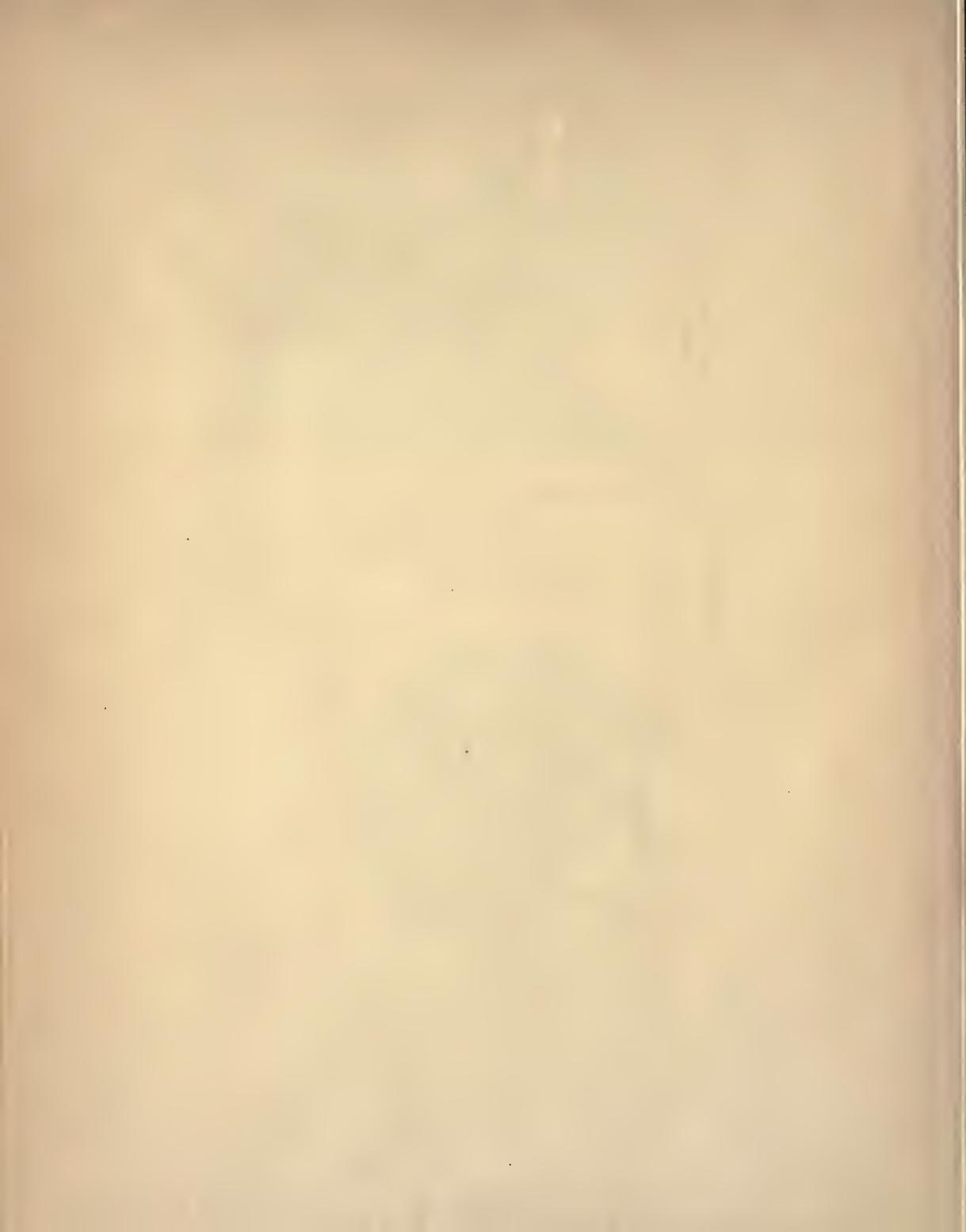
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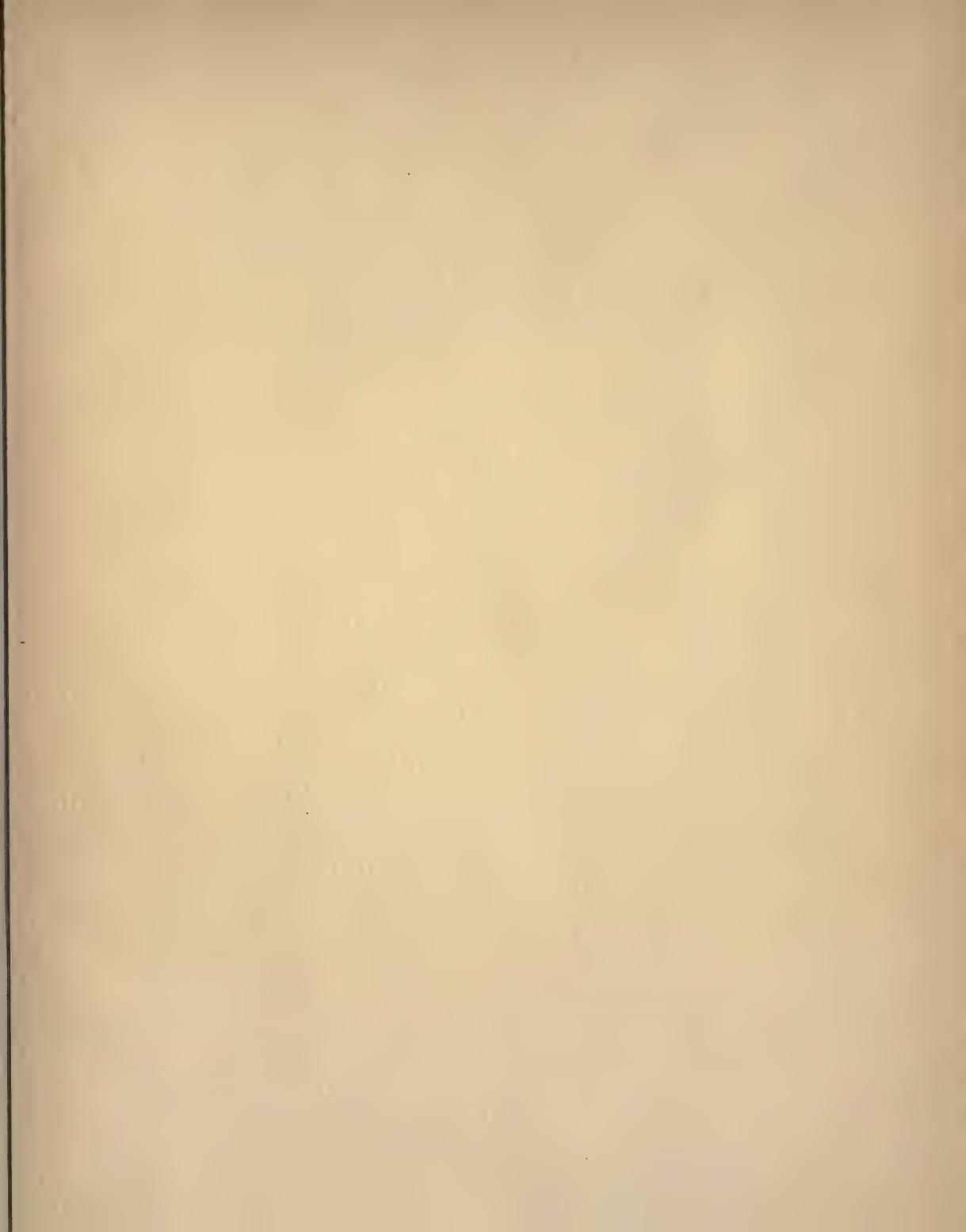
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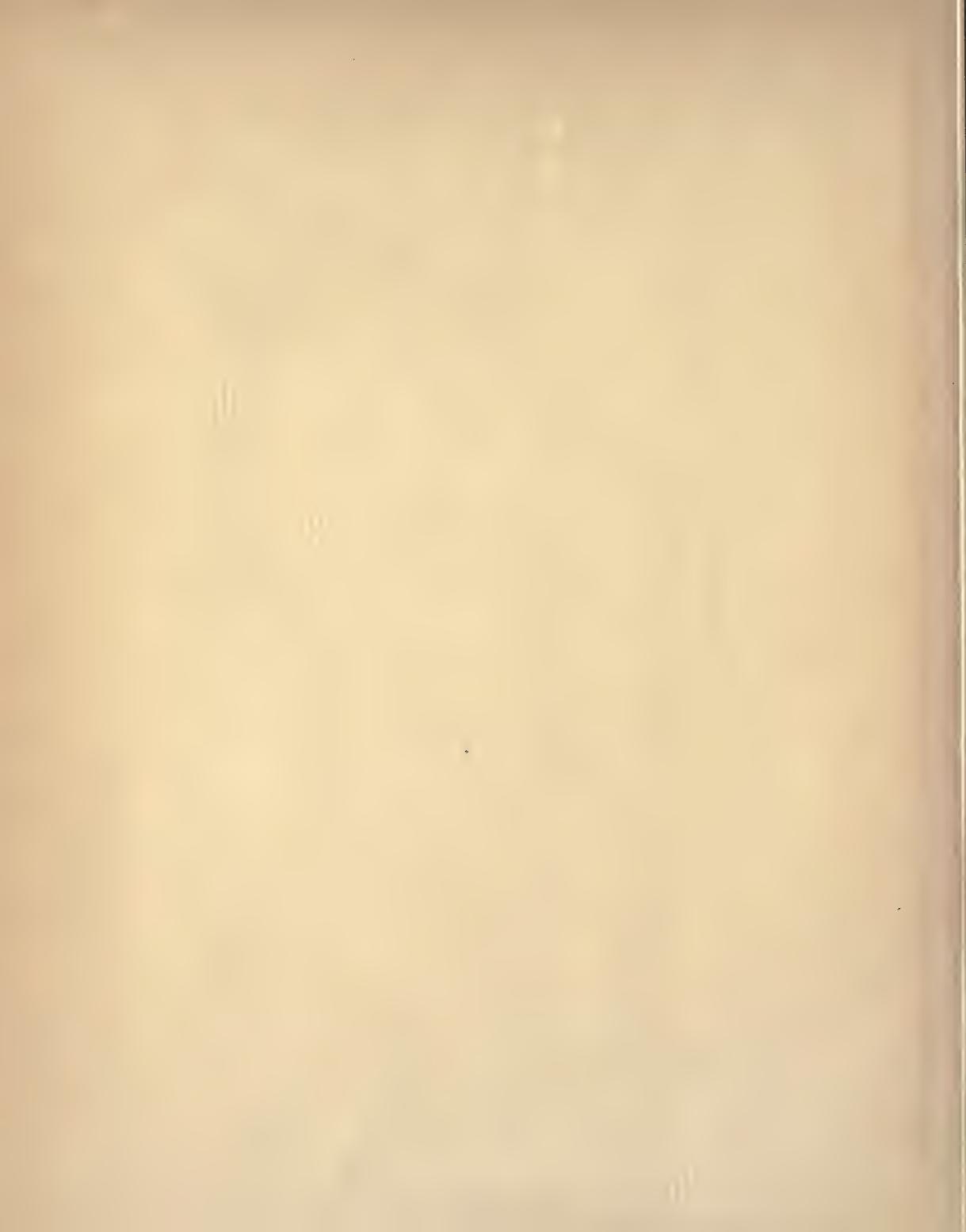
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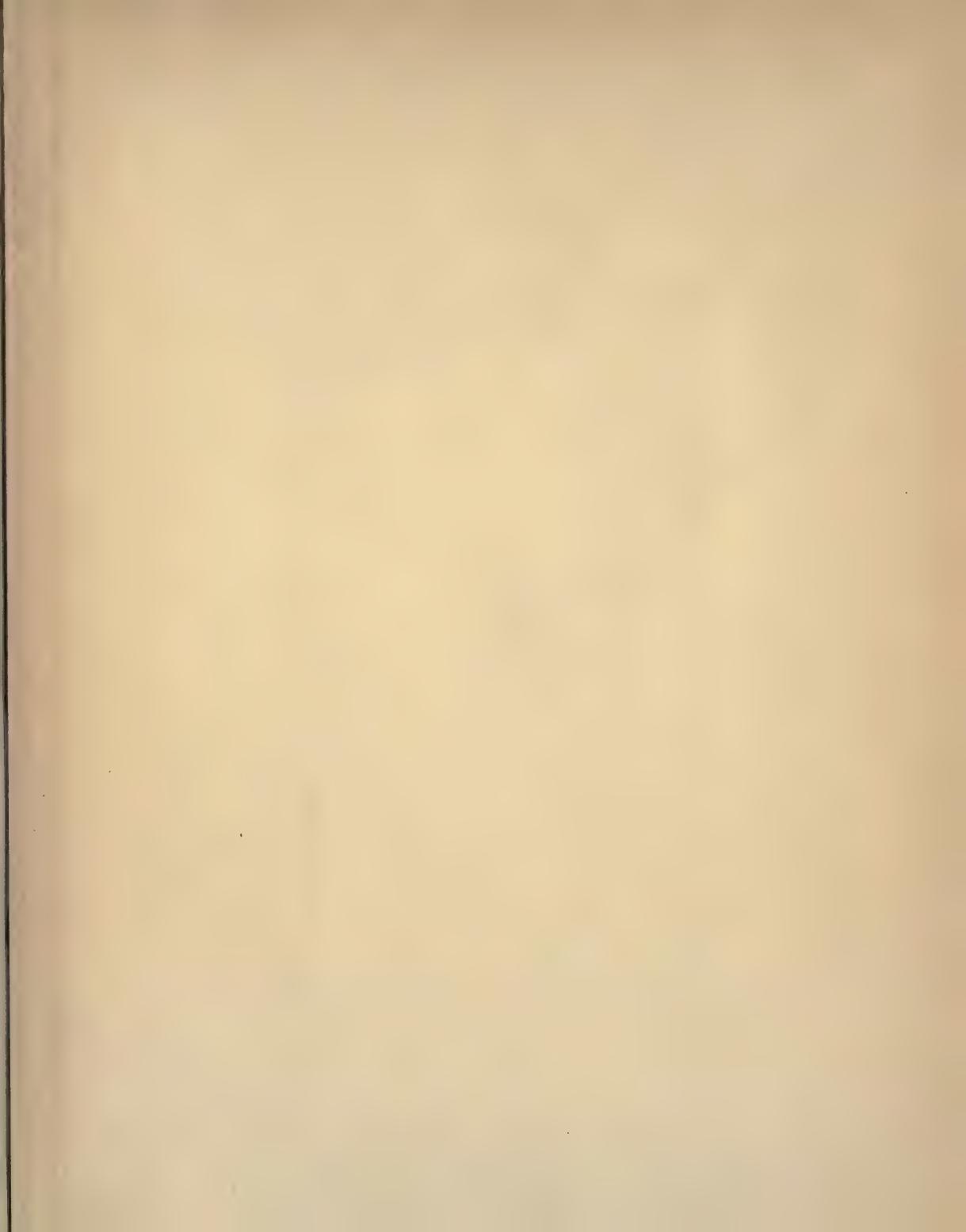


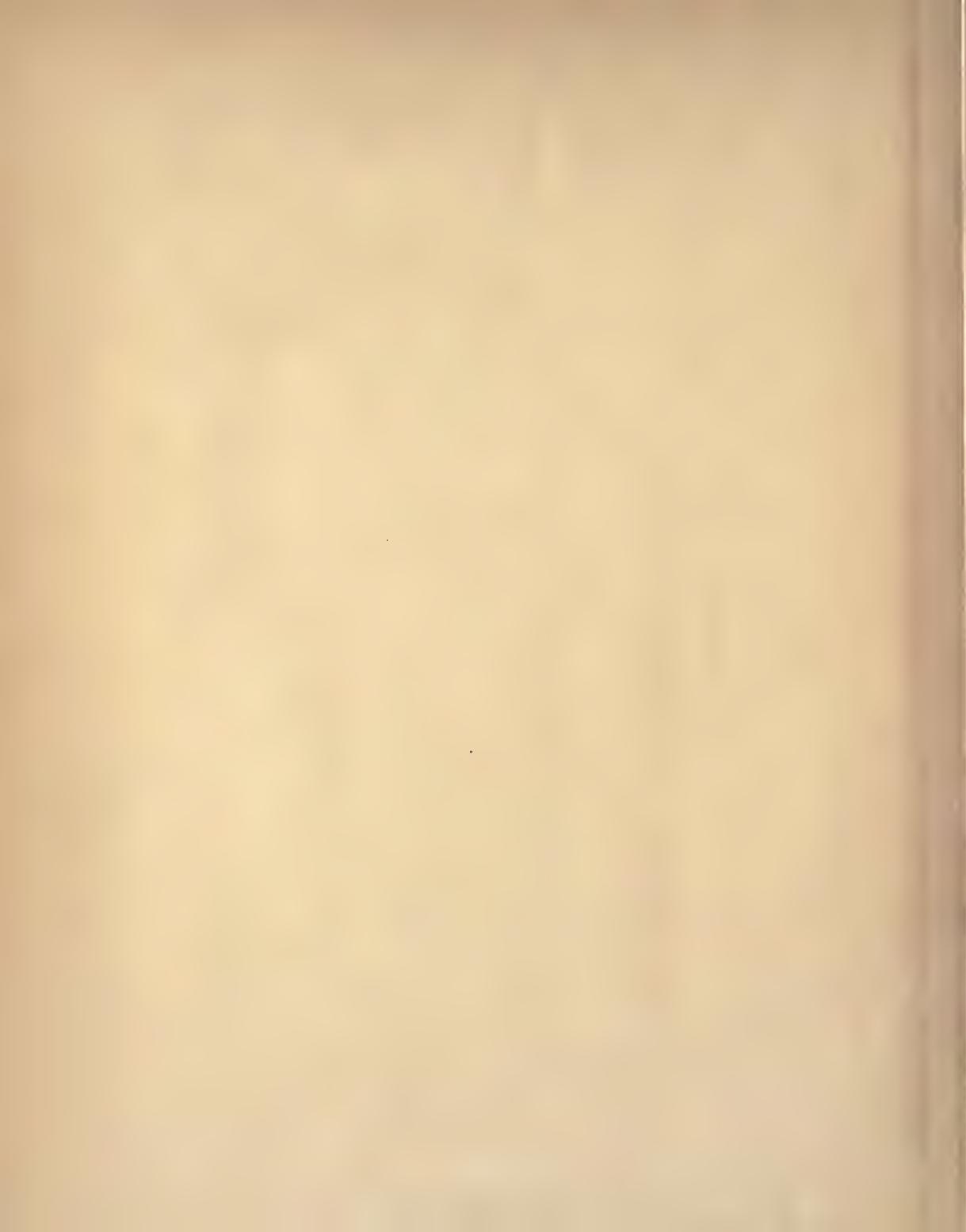














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